



TRANsiTORium ComPRESSion

and Massive Induction with Wind Sound

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It is better this way.

THIS way.

Starting, finish from before. Brave the cowardly path. Imbibe the sedate. Tangle, the orderly progression. Elude the fanatical disinterest. Prepare the study that will be destroyed. Divert from completion. Ingest unconsumables. Reperform the undone. Reundo the have-not-done. Cross across, returning back until before. Fold unwinding, unravel. The corners found, devoid (them). Of the sheet made are conditions of the quilt. Of tomorrow, there is shortened ordering of time bars. For fingers, one thousand matches nine, or seventy three. Being so, place pressure, then, accept at the threshold of resisting near or on the rim of breakage. Liquidate the contents, retaining stiff external integrity. Liquidate perception of three states, conclude from gas, liquid and solid, an additional form, not divided. Say, something, long stems, are the greatest grace. Remove the doctors of discussion. Descale. Streaming of the ribbons and the rainbow color smoke. Shaking, vibration, rings loops nuts rattling (frames loosen) breathing twice the rate is sold while high. Brown felt against Alpaca wool, holding wet stones, mopping squid ink from the floor, fabric rags. The exercise of sawing, spontaneous celebrations, unfamiliar traditions. (expected) Beaten with the bed rail, parts leaning, one on the other, against, in corner, leaning wall, gravity. When, the stopping, the starting stop or start.

It was better before the hard matter was removed.

Replacement by regrowth may be made THIS way.

Etudes surface roughed, talk and gentle sponging with the delicate membrane of the mouse belly and silk worm lips. Rest, equivalent to a taxi ride across a large country, relaxes. A quiet dark cubicle, new suspension, grow lights and sound proofed trunk. Moody music, seven hundred memories of the ringing phone pole cables in hurricanes, jelly filled foods, cooled, scented air additional folded crab grass blades, isolation, gyroscopic couch enabled rotations and continuous shift of gravity center. The excess of that is the straying of thought is provoked and harvested in one act. Immediate and ready all the fungus spores to jump onto the smoothest wall, and coolest, only, wet and sealed, and closed and hanging rain on tips

of air molecule spears-, the condensation of a blade of oxygen carbon hydrogen PCBs in trace, soot piles falling invisible but, in truth the way they drop, to see would reMemory the falling leaf in children's eyes. And, joints the circulators at the pins and bend points making us the humans close to crabs will spin out crazily on make believing race tracks as they see themselves, as vehicles with pace and testing, and desire to defeat the way the trained horse likes to do-. But, of which is stomach, which is bread-, which is dry spells and torrents of rain, which may be chopped up by differing measures. Where travels the heart and liver, distinct from the limbs. What hails cost, or germ, how blends mixed means... who toasts in the midnight of loose translation, where land of typhoon running for umbrellas for a mist, have stood on deck, pounding fog and wet before the start and logged with spray submerging cut by salt and bone spines, rain, rain... I feel nothing. Too, delicate, of strawberries called. Put the weight to hand to lean, the numbness underneath the wrist of 90 kilo naked in the rain, and kneeling to the drawing, not delicate but damaged-.

But, declined, begun.

Begun AGAIN like THIS.

Little fingers, failing function testing. Restart, is there body program only analog, the wire hot the sun the coming, the graduated elements combining complication topological but most, declined, top heavy, top up, if not like this. The seeds then, powdered to powder, and turned to tasteless gels sensations of the mouthly experience of on the skin and on the soft tissue and the clear, and tainted green, and bitter yellow. (color) External, things to speak and tome invited on the spirit as luxuriant the skin sensation and the soft of breaking of apart from pushing bending at the creases of the revolving orbs which join as softer parts the shells to cousin crabs, our soul will pull and squash and meal and pulp to tasteless glee, the soul is slowly and gently slipped away from the white cabinet, as water vapors fall and waters tap the skylight and, the neon blinks the wet road, and stained the gas scar and the sawdust washed away, the motorcycles hit each other in the morn, and left the scar, sirens sounding, night hiss, pleasant winter water air, Tainan. Winter water, hard and black. From the roof top red dragon concrete lion. Tile three hundred years, wooden cave the temple candles yellow burning blue eyes, mine to match the demon tusked one oddness. Glass enclosures, surfaces and the collected panels, and the hanging from one side the single, brands stamps straps veneer and wicker, true hay broom, cane stem feather duster, two dolls seem to copulate,, appear, peripheral eyes on the sides, socket switches, dangled things and doorway scents.

Something enough when effective.

Maybe the other way.

The hall, born of the room, the stairs, born the doorway, and the sidewalk reeling birth canals boaters the pedestrian and bicycles that demand construction and the brick net and the corrugated steel as to build a box around historic sites, as, for retro fitting to the ancient from the industrial, and rubber boots of aborigines and striped short sleeve and hoodies, city style, gels slide souls loose from the corrugated frames. Come to the Winter garden. See there, the narrow pathway to the grounded submarine. Held the knocking bliss, the good feeling crossing senses then to block them open all the way a switch is stuck it burns the relay out-. A carbon disk to dial control the pain degrees, but carbon too, cracked and fused. How many, burns a toast smells. Some harbor of illness is borne away on a path. Side tracking saving the moment saves the mental state of then and later for the memory of pain, recall, there is anticipation, but the body feels no memory of pain. And, aside, dimensionality to the compartments of the cell. The dream was in a cellar. So it was a dark and grey, and set inside the house, potato farmers, far and near,

and there above that basement floor. Potato bins aside. Goes the thought of a clay body, digging potatoes. Goes the clay body, sleeping nights in the ground. Clay farmers. Children made of potatoes. Comes a deal of interspecies roots to earth to flesh. Red clay forms with blue marine clay. Scandle. House on a hill, transitions, color shape transposed artistic breeding, as the checkered giants with the diminutive variety of blues – or silver haired. Pollenating raptures, explosions all directions radiating of a rain of fireworks Kaohsiung, roof top surround Chinese New year. Operation, resting, aesthetic surgery removal, character. Also cut the cords to invention. Two minutes. Word says built up, conversation never leave but pile in layers, rhythmic grinding of wheel bearings also over time. Make pale by milking, make pale starvation, depleting make pale, excess. Always, more. The strong friend of pretending. Link the place to be going to another strong to do. The picture bar, a metal rail do not lean over, or smear fingerprints on the thick glass.

**There are wet ways and there are dry ways.
But there may be a vapor way.**

The family name, the stamp, who heard, you carve, from soft stone, symbol crest of mine, drawn and made, and branded. Of a cult, of thirty then to seventy, numbered, lined bended around live to generate to moving toward response to moving toward transmitting meaning set the more detail, the more conform to line rotations, of a stamp and of a brand, stamping, branding. Is like avoiding lines, the curve, the empty space. What lines the empty living space, the floor the ceiling the walls multiple walls one floor one ceiling. What gone the tissue, sneeze the bag and the piece of plastic broken free from some useful thing which snow is mysterious, the set conform to gravity the table top they rest inertia keeps from flying. Open up (what went before) up to the present border of happening pressed hard against to happen, becomes time chase. Soft number hard number, mineral water carbon filtered drained of compounds made to cakes, to skillet. Bird feed, fish feed. Recycled life. Watch the birds. Puddle dried and white and grey beneath the dirt straw nest. Happy in the beauty of the cove. (alcove) City block. How reflects list to parallel concerns, subtract one list, a stem at a time, and from the next, or, deliver who as ratio, two parts the top, the floor and ceiling divided and the bottom basement term, the occupying space subverted by then from what hides but kept yet. Shows the balance as a scale with weight to find variable, the value of weight, one term, stepping on the plate form, with the mechanism spring, to push against resisting, calculating how resisting saying in one way, one quality, how mass, now volume, now step, and measure, topology, how now catalog, explain, resolve the locate (isolate before, release) as germ. Free style, contour, shape by force, establish long condition.

**There is condensation on the path.
There should be a polished diversion.**

High beam, sustaining, is support or is whistling, is protection or detection. The roof, the space open to walking, approved. To hold the walls or guard the door. To two purpose one cause. Nothing, interrupt. The curtain, hollow ball tips, round mineral deposit harvest mine, round tree growth isolating interrupt, round around the violet cell, the isolate. Artificial misting, colored, run off. Circular drain, embedded diamond wheeled grinder. Output channel. Through. Waste, feed, bath -... conditions pending.

**Some things are pulled from places in a pile.
It is thought a method.**

- Is it, unto this place, the cow is driven.
- Is it, unto this place, the peace of nations is born.
- Is it, unto this place, the silver is dissolved and drunk for liver.
- Is it, unto this place, recant all guilt and live free.
- Is it, unto this place, napkins are pre-soiled.
- Is it, unto this place, the breath of caution, coming like the thief in moments of pause.
- Is it, unto this place, approaching the next doorway.
- Is it, unto this place, the door mat has been nailed, removed and nailed repeated by so much to loosen up the floor and make it as a sponge.
- Is it, unto this place, to be always searching for the next.
- Is it, unto this place, the nation is spawn.
- Is it, unto this place, to have removed the lump.
- Is it, unto this place, to the register of the kindred spirit.
- Is it, unto this place, secret powers of speaking and trance of long hours single things.
- Is it, unto this place, for failing testing levels variously of the various aspects qualities contrasting quantities and relevant hungers.
- Is it, unto this place, to the pushing away from the edge of every crack.
- Is it, unto this place, categorical attempted controlling.
- Is it, unto this place, resisting influence in upsurges as the lava or the puke to rise against the coming in cement.
- Is it, unto this place, the willingness, or, the wash, belief.
- Is it, unto this place, the elbows up, the grinding.
- Is it, unto this place, the site for seeing.
- Is it, unto this place, what purpose of the local identifiers, demographic and the pigment shift of smoke upwind.
- Is it, unto this place, the indigent.
- Is it, unto this place, the desire a man may have for a cartoon character.
- Is it, unto this place, retro-bait rebates costing cards and hiding fees.
- Is it, unto this place, a scattering of pellets, concentrates, dried composites.
- Is it unto this place, that it is a death to define.
- Is it unto this place, a single crease will tumble prismic walls.
- Is it unto this place, a sheath is made of black mica, and a pocket weight, of polished rose quartz.
- Is it unto this place, the hobbyist should starve for want.
- Is it unto this place, that we should dry the clothes like old vegetable.
- Is it unto this place, the simple power of singular demanding.
- Is it unto this place, the tired skin that feeds the something, making new.
- Is it unto this place, to harness broadly disarray.
- Is it unto this place, the lumping master, missing.
- Is it unto this place, resolution comes, resolving, quietly, and on a ring around a post, caressing in a tiny distance, round about a size.

Lost on the path.

Hedges, eyes, teeth, leave it.

Independence is (not equal, to, the greed). Is part the difference of, separate ratios, with unknowns, comparative or partner term, there the sunken elder eyes, which themselves express a temperature reading, are set also to pull into the can as there is little flowing out, and, the crying, fear the end reveals the fate of moments and more hollows, cans to fill, the matter held what of, deeper hollows sound the selfish cry from centers eyes sucking, drains – the cry of disbelief and volumes vacuums. The elder's pan, the wider spread, demand. A past a roaring head above, questioned definition looks to patrol above clouds, what might have rise. The hurry to, confront and holding, spindle limbs, the crust when brittle liquid fat below, but freeze and breaks in crumbs of cheese. Blissed (by praise) the roaring of the stone lion, in export, neutered castrated in the land like at large, its huge stone balls, and, blessed (by praise) the milk of mildew, covering the pink granite, a single day's humidity in Winter. The lion too, the loose carver, globe stone in the mouth too large, that didn't pass by the teeth, but carved within the cavity, the mouth, to show the artist skill, that you can reach a thin hand in, and move the ball -. When earthquake yesterday, the stone rolled in the mouth, round and round.

Fruitless way.

Should concentration.

Foil holding. Bitter spit out taste. Sprouts, catch dew, quickly, one rots. Index cards each written keys. Picture draw on fingertips. Copper smell, foreign money. Plastic caps. Elastics making prim order. Little drawing, release tension. Cardboard box, build around the object. Object cannot be removed. House. Built around occupant. Cloak. Shroud. Blanket. Mat. Weave. Palm. Bamboo. Wool. Felt. Plastic. Cotton. Silk. Grass. Paper. And palm packed sticky rice. And bamboo shoot packed rice, aborigine. Card, name. Destination. Gas, coin, hero. Picture. Embossed. Identification. Description. Snake don't step. Face appears on the back. Don't find your own face. Will you disappear. Feet walking. Shard in foot, saw next. Woman stands near charcoal powder pile. Many concentrations break. Billing, post, universal, human, demand. Heat desire. Unsettle. Move in side walking. Bubbles. Shaved roots. Speckled egg. Redirection. Approaching one thing each time act, new. Flags, color stroke. Metal shine, polish, scratch, fill. Fill, dirt from ground. Scratch, earth. I hear my unborn child's godfather on the street below – imitating a voice from a cartoon. Alley snowing, then smell, then seeing, rusted barrel ash filled, floating ash, still hot, burning paper, money. Being in that. Crawling. Singing. Fused activity. All beasts at one time. Behaving, as this. Express. One body, splitting nine ways. Oil, wall, did someone lean a greasy head. Tusks. Blue eyes. Good lord she said, elderly white lady expression, missing teeth, softens her tones. Gum muffler. Recall the red ballet. Beach. Long memory, youth, fueled event late overworked. Pause, shook the building, pour cement, paper to the earth. Seeing cracks, time elastic when shaking. Return, ballet, mouth red rimmed, tiny current, overflow, mouth of teeth, freed, in each its own orbit in the sea of warm red full the mouth, small white, whole and pieces, man to keep, will hold the mouth closed even while the dream comes, now to vehicle, the beach, the other, went the gun, the other this, to get, the vehicle the trunk it open the inside the oar, the boat oar, the hand holds slams still wants to lock the truck the this one to the beach the other not but comes and with the gun two barrel full but this one no to fear and walks surprising with no fear straight up and swing the oar and one the limb snaps halfway up the arm and swings around the oar above the head and careful not to the head but over and then like the Samurai swings the other way the perfect orbit snaps the other half the way and up the arm and snap snap two apart for one swing now, two loose wings flapping man to knees is smiling then to laughing then to fear, the oarsman fearing devil, who should laugh so broken, it the devil run run run to vehicle away and leave, the man in sand on beach on knees at night in cold and wind and tide and other with the wheel and clutched and mouth full warm wet floating pieces sinking to the tongue the whites the golds and sliver needle mixed and holding hoping now afraid. Where to go, raining too. Should wake.

Awake, now? No but soon. But still wake. Should sleep but mouth so full should sleep face down, but hold it should not be losing. Should, did forget the oar, no put, put it back. Did leave a passenger. But find the way. They, returning, they should work. They should wake, but soon. But they maybe they sleep, the mouth not full. Coordinated believer.

The road went.

To keep to a plan for finding.

Diverted turned toward a middle with the raised ridge, grass clumps never trod, the sides, first one the other bare and pounded down and pressed over and repeatedly. Whereas the concentration fell it was needed to face the scene before departure, empty as it had occurred in space onto another planet, no remain, one speck found in sand, a piece, of white? Bathed by the sea. No trace. Burst course, tube failure in the wall. Diverted flow. Share duty, pressure, addition, succumb rupture. Two, rolling. Cascade, multiply. Flat, cheese, uniform. Dense. Same. Condition, paused. Condition, same understanding. Rolling punch. The offer, on the path road trail. Spray of affections. On leaves, in the wood, on the garden, to the branches up toward the birds and sloth. The monkeys, on the mountain, boardwalk. Rope bridge. River bed. Drop. Affection. The stomach of the way garden. The organs of the shingle cover. The current of the crawlspace. Outward appearance. The tips of white found in the upper panels of the ceiling falling from the attic floor, and bottles in the wall spaces, newspapers brittle and from 1929, Joan Bennett movie pages. Cracked window panes, round holes pellet gun. Coordinator, turns a dial go back to sleeping, moth flutters, gums ripple soft white tissue low flow, low functioning and mind the tissue too, retired. Diverting, old then bad, the poem of roads and paths, sentiment, barn fire, eye pop one side or not to look with but for looking onto, sad blank verse winter frost sentiment revere. Identity treasure, common hope. New food with texture bland texture food taste, bland witness excited textured witness, bland warning, old poems, commons. Portrait photos, commons, side view. Old part headed, poet has half. Block shaped, block head, block headed. First frost head. Blocked head, half. Day of infamy four day holiday, 2/27. The birds' flume, the crest, but the scat, as pure a white the snow in mountains or the money ash from rusted barrels. There is sweetness in smell, the inside of the nostrils. There is smell, from across a bay,...and, a wharf, a dumpster, filled with fish heads... found, the limits of the image in recall, found the limit, associated, found, how difficult to push aside. The line fuzz recons.

Rope bridge, caution and risk.

One boot found, also, caution mountain channel cut through stone, continue.

Is not the living room, and not the pastime granted weekend. Gun cut made and hammer out of nail gun hardware store and pipe fit part. Survive the human mind part blossom. The return, the direction through the solid hive, to not, disturb, nest, fire lung. Shirtless heat spread, spear prepare bullet the speckled shot, packed in double load. Hunt. Feed. Necessity, boots, uniform -. Kill the mountain back. Is it, like is the breathing nursing. When all of the taking, the piping into the breaks, the sound of engines, the sleep of elbows, the meter of the pressures, the punctures of the water weight, the draining of the battle against, the joining into a nettle of jostled, the river of moving at the changing sign over season border, moments, the till to be gone to, for seeing through the tinted eye gel protected light of suns, the then first hard ground, the chiseling, made aware, the prospect of new years, fading from the child sense, drifted over the grass and onion garden, potato tractor, author brail first reading, yard grass, apple tree blind head dent, ... draining his visions. What was now. She hopped through the glade of tall ferns too freely. She was observed, and the net lowered. There is a strange commitment to watching.

Strange, because, it is done with such repose in some, as if to correct an image before sleep and dream, and others with raised metabolism and even preparations of irritants, itchiness. The rest of skill. The tired neck muscle, and the aching of and swelling of joints between long-bones. Conditions proper to exhibit labor past. Sharing of space for habitation. Refuse for soup stock. Bags to carry supplies to the many sites. Cement work space. Canisters of gas, stove, beakers. Subjects, spontaneous lab and clinic. Actors, audience. Stage. Orchestra, conductor, electric wand, cattle prod. Mittens. Book of children names. Ten catalogs, wooden boxes, index files, metal hinges three moving parts. Straining as part of purifying process of the thought...

Where we have gone to. Feel the soil and reorient.

Where is the source of the stream – it trickles over shoes, - there is amphibian under every stone rich land of clustering wildness. Bright voice still on tin speaker horns, raised on poles. Line ascending buds on stem-... fog lights country back road US wanderer, shoulder of the road is soft gravel. Your pillow. Legs on tar. Fog is your blanket. Drift in imagined direction not included on maps. Scape to scale. Models full sized. Abandoned barracks, cement hill-through tunnel, rooms cold walled. Flying into wind and height, and light scattered by the air, into the black place light coming bullets to strike and spread across the lens-. Pleased to pass. Closed eyes, witness the blurring and retained some edge, which light had struck. Is that where friends go -... step the accident cut, and hand grip – dry sickle sickulation, spread. Wide, long grind narrowed corner. Torso mass free disposition. Questioning period follows object disposal, furnace. Fate. Small objects moving together inside a bag. Legs beneath the heavy belly. The light ribs air filled bone porous marrow song inflated frame, bird bones titanium, intervals to learn, that also lighten. Prepared to spring forward, across the statue, across the hole, over the stature of others, better. Sensation, being stretched across the hole. Skin, belly, drum. Ready to take the alley or the rice bowl with a set of sticks. To beat or shovel, rhythm. Chasing paper captured by the sea. This wall, plaster whitewash fall to show the red brick. Mortar packed bits of hay and black rice. Burlap, floorboards. Ghost rope. Some substance, grains. Tumble together. Aging. Making gentle. Familiar. Did you feel the current when it took you by the leg was asked. Then a signature required. Shaking off the growing stiffness. Softened intensions small yellow flame. Everything bending around the great weight. Disturbed atmosphere. Horizon, rims. Edges and clean cornered perforations. Machine made punctures. Hole. Descend three layers of hole walls. Strata. Carbon, nitrogen, newspaper nobs, - calcium, shell. Unstuck, to the hole base, entry point tunnel to one side, a root was there, became hollow, now becomes the wall. Hollow potato. Fast grow, grew too fast, became a box. I remember, potatoes so big. Small steps forward into the sensation of a prayer, trail of digestives – trial of copy, trail of bacon strips trial of sunflower trial of hot top -. Life extension – parallel removals additions left heavy right light, advice descriptive, instructive posting ink drained repeat it beat it – exactly meant completely known static understood – tone, color, vibration, weird and confident energy, but a tiredness, too. Where the spill, mottled surface, hazy lake. Simple reportage, complex verification. By far, the many available. Fairly in the silent feel.

Lost footing and fell. Dreamed while falling.

Nightfall, quiet street, eleven o'clock. Token machine beauty, described by gesture of curve, gradual flush, functionality and popularity. Pleasant smelling toxins. Collapse. Fan, spokes of a wheel, over-

inflation, rubber whine -. Small commitments and compromise. Walled arrival, where does the person look took, as the come to the new world, where they see with fixtures not like eyes but through another unknown sensing, and maneuver ... what is it like, the first, and the adaptation -... deposition praising felt the way a fly is near -... blue tint, smoldering condition, cold fumes rising, is there an upward, but, directed, the figure, has it a body moving moves or transmits or transfers, forms in a block, raises itself to someplace, knows it has this presence, and, survives -. Speak, but in a rotundary of words. Failed approaching, it tries again, it tried before, was notice in some small and was wondered on, but now returns, more concentrate. Married to emptiness. Welded to the familiar. Ground into powder soaked with oil by a tooth engine. Still, awareness. Not a darkness, but a tinge, a pinch, and influence of being separated or singled out of many in a line. The intellect. Man is working. Feel as toil. Dispond. The pester of something, an itch, a spark, burned ember hits the skin, from within a nerve sensation comes to the surface. No legs, there are no legs, but a floating. There is intention, followed by moving. It wants, something delivers that basic compulsion ...the deliverer seems apart, a companion, but realized it does then that it is The expression at even intervals, drop box, default, one directional door flap, new expression rushing through door drops blocked again expression stack, the system pump fair field low cultivation, spike insertion swirl, active, settling mix, layers, slow ripples, glass. Where the figure, as it thinks it is, has figure though is more figure of speech, the presence, without the body that it had before it grew the new variety -,... what is available to it now, wondering -. Can feel a paste. Can feel gelatin it is enclosed in. Something other that was rememory slips a little bit now. Something pumping, not a matter, not a funnel or channel. Something pumping, open, flat, horizon. Brother fungus, the pink marble. Sweating stone, white stain, salt sand cement. Ocean sand. Something laying down daily, fading. Was that something now not sure as to what... forgetting replaced, counterparts emerge -. Exiting. Don't remember forgetting. The gone retained direction of passage lost, loss gain balanced neutralized by differential -... small measures, calipers -... psychic operation. Wasness isness nextness. Brief claims. Second available. Was just ... somewhere -. Was just, ... something. Dispond again. How haunt. Floating...buoy dissolved, merge, combine, compound, in multitudes, influence, catalyst, a part an input a limb becomes meaningless and hangs there, swollen stomach live and integral protest of the confines of its form. Observation post. Fly over, be seen – see the posts moving over all posts. Stillness defends at arms' length. Collected chairs that fill a room. Seek to have no one take the chairs jump sit from chair to chair. Or pile them sitting on top – or continuously scatter them. Or chase others away. Being careful to be attentive to the unattended chairs. Two or more others may work together to distract and overcome and occupy the chairs(s). Casual ownership, moving gradually, from chair to chair, as unoccupied, avoid when occupied, move slowly so am occupied (attention) and need not chair as of yet. A holy or respectful fold bend fold bend subtract, polish, increase with more the raw -. Stay the walking and the silver mirror moss. There at the flush of excess, the purpose evolves in the fashion of worlds stripped bare begun from ocean plant life once then twice again, the second genesis. Waves lick clean. Encourage. Stems. Emphasis. Bias. Back side, tree line, fever rash on coast stone. Uproots the eye plunging stale documentation. Bartered lifeforms. What to wage yourself against. The clam is raised up, psychic force, its enormous shell, hovers, two cars lengths, from a bay -... emotion informs both subtle and extreme natures of formalistic exercise. Collected, so consolidated, out of the way removed, then easily gone around. In the landscape. Fields and fence posts, property markers. Way corners, calling. Tea of disorientations. Play of current.

Gels.

Soft Conditions.

What. All should be waiting. Orderly rows. So reflects the filing. Irrational faith. Use of colored flags during conversation, song. New house rummage contrast old house rummage. Apartment rummage and shed. Think of question to show the self as curious. Ask, draw attention to the questioning. Mind settles after absolute necessity and heightened current. Conditions stray from intentional. Plastic burning. Strange muted night glow in the sky. All the moments are freed at once from a prison. Distract the mind the body works, distract body, the mind. Ropes looped through pulleys. Yard to meters. Translations, tranfixions Conclusions, punctuations with a small hatch open -...;... operational endings, with suspended resolution, resolve outside frames continuance – concept of the finish, opacity -. Concluded. Development, time based one commitment, one narrow skill. One thing falls down one thing stands up -. Hermetic mumble. Caldron, boil down vaporize room flavor – stool plan, preparation thin, parchment, created separately but then stitched together down their middles. If there is some usefulness to others' newness, maybe, if not, no. Remain ignorant of technology for as long as possible. Wait, these pictures move – go through phase while (continuing) complicate and simplify finish as such during one phase.

Across the line.

O, ooo - eee - ooo
eee - ooo eeeeeee
rrr - mmm - rrr - ooo
O - ooo - eee.

O - ooo - eee - rrr - lll - mmm - zzz

Eee - ooo - eee - ooo
eee - ooo - rrr
O - ooo - eee - rrr
lll - mmm - zzz.

ooo - eee - rrr
O - mmm - ooo - eee - rrr
O - mmm - zzz.

r - oooooooooooooo -lll
mmm - eeeeeeeeeeeee - O.

O - ooo - eee - rrr - lll - mmm - zzz

zzz - eee - zzz - eee
ooo - eee - ooo - eee
ooo - eee - ooo - eee
zzz - lll - mmm - zzz

rrr - eee - rrr - eee
rrr - lll - rrr - lll
zzz - mmmmmmmmmmmmm
rrr - mmmmmmmmmmmmm

O – ooo – eee
Rrr – oooooooooooooo
mmm – rrr
ooo – mmm
ooo – rrr
zzz – mmm.
mmm – zzz
mmm – zzz
mmm – zzz.

O – ooo – eee – rrr – lll – mmm – zz

O
mmm – mmm – mmm
llllllllll
rrr
oo
rrr.

lll – ooo – eee – lll – O – zzz
mmm – zzz – mmm – zzz – mmm
lll – mmm – eee
lll – zzz – mmm.

rrr – eee ooo!
rrr – ooo!
ooo – eee!

mmm
zzz.

rrr – ooo -...
ee – oooooooooooooo...
lll -... eee?
O – ooo.
O – ooo.
O – ooo.

Amiss.

Diffusals – happens, twice through the center and continuing on. The car, the bullet, arrow or spear, the insult, the reference, the causal remark, the recognition of the old friend. Who happened along. Who happened. The refrigerated jar. The question of the lid, and the seal. Tide brings new collections to the shore. Eccentric collection by the sea. Recluse. With holding cluster flower fruit persona – slowly dissolve into another place, smelted. Amiss amass. Folded over, stitched. Gelatin and ashes. Ill spoke. Food placed in bags, bags placed in boxes, boxes stacked in highest rooms of a building, rugs stacked and leaned vertical against the bare inside of an outside wall and interior wall placed over it. Protrude

revert and invert. Wax. Wick. Return of night fever. Sweat cold lamb. Gods' hands dipped in mercury treated clings and beads the shiny surface skims maybe inlaid and then with precious metals, three. Elegant the robe of manufactured items clinging, then written partitions, crests and liquid masks on rotary rings. Posed and solved. Invention of the problem. Natural occurrence of solution. Roll over of the design of rolling, obscure made obvious. A frame means a picture. Forms for sharing. Content for covetousness. Embrace of the figures in a saintly way. Out to exercise a pressure, rooms passive relapse. Tomorrow rises a shale gate at end time. Forgot, margins hold the packing. Skin, the soul's sandpaper. Action series resumes. The feel for what has been made. The accomplishment of nothing, the enhanced null set. By test by trial release pollen of errors. Chin nod, eye twitch lid, mouth muscle tugging, ear one wiggle ear two wiggle return to reposed position, neck contracting. Scalp furrowed forehead. Demands remorse, requests, forgiving, holding out hand, looks to comfort but gripping. Appearance, fact. Bag prepared. Surface retains wrinkling. Saved the order in which things came. Becomes a set, each changed on coming enter last on top. Tree rings. Inkpots plastic nobs. Fear made of a hell's surface. Miles the mire reaction in years. Stirred, nests. Way did the fog come. Possess attraction property. Hand consuming compulsion. It is in the sensation of repeating. Painted branch set, colored leaves, matchbox collection. Mixed utensils. Dirt. Oven. Shared rememory.

Amass.

Hollow in the middle of the day. Postal address a sink hole. Road pots. Circled them white paint rimmed. Prepare the opening. Conditioned respondering. To cut out inside and to fill with perfect weight and perfect shape and mass, to stuff. Freeze into an idea of what remains the frame and unregenerate, and bypassed. Waiting on the laborer to come to flip the board onto its other face. Reading signals. Retourabus retundarize. Obbligato Sponge. Mail dawn. Seeding sand. Mint leaf, other green edges. Combed fabric, wool hairs. Blaspheming the norm. Branding displaying possession. In the hollows, filled with ice and water. Dissected normal radiation. Dry weight departing. Swaying. Everything tall. Thin, narrow. Held firmly in the left hand, in the time when there are great migrations, the uncommon trust and orientation toward species inclusion defied the franchise of evolution, and offered a viable alternative to that particular error based model. The amassed at the rim of the hole was all vulnerable, exceeding nature's test quantities with a near pure experimentalism, with a second guideline, that every variant was survivable, that environment was a condition of such ease, that every change was gravy. It was an art or aesthetic, that drove wheel, not fitness, or competition. The brain is alive, the brain is hot, the brain is not undone by the arbitrary dysfunction. As with wormwood and the old barrel cactus, so the mollusks that regenerate when bisected, and so the heavy organned relative of the albatross, which adverse to flight, steps lightly with clumsy legs between the open mouths of alligators. Hollow manned, retractable and congenitally short sighted, with a binary eye, many lives are gestures of grace, serving no obvious purpose as would be the demand of the capital organic contest. Seasoned participants occur repeatedly, unlimited by overbearing rules and restrictive guides that would cut them from participation in the great parade and associated cavalcade. (night version) Through this an array of Plural Unions formed as a kind of social club for animals, similar to child explorations of difference and budding of sexuality between the genders, members found comrades and partners for development of dialogs and molecular and cellular drama, for exhibition and cultivation of this expressive form that in intelligence might be considered culture, cultural traditions, and culture objects. Launch launch launch, the digestive codes arrive. What should miss, the attention list, including postage. And, the dawn of self waking. Virile subdued, oil atomizer. Many standing at off-hand counters. She neglected speech. Silence and hand gestures. When test items come. The very first bar code. Clunk clunk small spaces master races. As horrible a key wording as the body self takes control from personality, so refrain from constable, and

movie roles in silent film a stiff arm and the use of types. Quick or short hand identifier, impacted purposefulness, the drainage of pigmentation, fit the human porthole. Pluralized by division. Afflicted with... everything distends but two. Speaker says all with nothing. Invention lays flat wallpaper. Swell and shrinkage of wooden gears. The afternoon in the morning, wind, sand storm from China. The eyes more squinting sours expression exchange to see. The mind expression of to do contrast with can do. difference. Vocal conversational cadence imitating animal sounds such as bird dog cat ape etc. spreads rapidly in adolescent enclaves. New traditions. Sarcasms arise from welts and lesions. Who am I if I wasn't you. Who are you. I am not asking? More swelling. Brain feels pressure but it is brain that pressures skull. Who acts. Who's interest. Wall papered over pictures in frames light fixtures and windows. Wall papered over book shelves dressers and television sets. This only begins the pose. From the brink, don't settle. Don't pull back. Don't instruct. Don't commit. Don't enforce. Don't opine. Wall paper all the time. Once is not enough. Change like underwear. Sand in the mister. Embodied an act, the anticipated following intercepted recourse... as expected. What failed to follow, curses, ridges come, combed down, then smoothed along the back and hid -. Rapidly, ensemble skins. Walled in, common enterprise. To hire. As if now, the moisture pastures, the finery gone, is seen as is. Wall nut. Tonight the morbid ditty, one song. Status and observance. Surpassing, retracing, even-breaking. Overstuffed, the pillow so hard, pillow flattened too, unsleepable. Goal attained, sleep set. Derailed the missive, master canisters, integrated or a social removal in a proofed pocket. The glow space. The distance from which any light is visible. The illumination field. The shadow field. The measure of recognition. The list of thresholds. Group and set theory and shared thresholds in overlapping sets. Children who run wild at night the way coyotes do. The floating from and falling out of consciousness. Oppressor switch and respondent button. The submissive spirit and the dominator, the resistant and the second nature of collapse. The stiffening and uselessness of a sponge. Wanting and neediness. Overcharge and redundant. Obtuse floral denial. Concrete acceptance. Partitioned appropriations. Subjective elongation. Inappropriate elasticity. Positioning to catch a large inflated object. Bell ringing force winds. Sails in sky appendage. Frugal home spending time consumption. Releasing of imprisoned. Total weight. Human becomes mock fan, arms as blades. Waving in circles. Beauty erosions. Forgiveness projected. Splendor seed disruption. Spider bites. Sorrow. Long corridor, hospital feeling. Drone conditions, silent mental patients. Shy promotions. Fly close draw down magnetism. There was no investigation until after all evidence was destroyed. The color of seductive flower petals. Black color absorbing -... complication, passage -... through a narrow alley. Turns and hoops. Jumps crawl overs and crawl unders. Lonely the familiar. Life strings. Threads hanging from clothing. Staring. Something about pencils and light bulbs. Operatic mumble. Arrays of musical material. Confession to an object. One place. Be. Replacement growth. Life extension. How long do you need. Protection, providing. Exaggerated expectancy. Fog machine, Hollywood film set rain snow wind machine. Sheet metal thunder. Assorted animated figures. With manner of clowns. Drama from silent film. The wind was moving the open door a little bit, and the lower hinge was making a clicking sound similar to a Gecko. Discomforts... some easily dismissed, some not... continuity and blending. Mystic in the use of planks for building and throwing sticks. Always away in numbers. Always use one boat. Migration. In old cities, Prague. In coast haunted hotel. Seal in a harbor, stays close to boat, throw him fish. Wind comes again. Prediction. Peril of mountain balancing. Prayer in a spinning circle dizzy. Until fall down. Wealth and plot. Prague, again, and Kromeriz...

Vaclav's Workshop. **ReMemory.**

Prologue

Carry with me now in Asia
Places topics block out space
Inside the head – and mine is
Full except, some space inside
Has fallen through like boards
Arot the center of the floor-
So are my memories connected to my now-
Foundations I deepened, a vertebrae perhaps
That I must take a leap across to stand
And so the structure of what holds me- is the same-
And so, I jump about- and make my way, so
Not to fall
Into a hole---

Approach from Prague

Prague in June
Was hot in day but night
Falls, hard
And cold, and heavy rain
Like rain would never stop
And fog like I had heard of Prague
On that- first visit,
Lost among a hedge and living maze
Inside a cloister in a rain from heaven and from hell
But, that was Prague
And with its gilded towers, and its golden clock
And patina men across the great bridge and mass of buildings
All along its water ways
Its subway, too, buses, and the train- away descend
Dark underground, to find the way, to steady
Lasting, God made man and man made Czech train-
Solid, moving, arm of God, and steel, and, sustaining, like
A horse
Too long, slow hours steadily across into the
Heat and forest village rain again, and fall of night-
And last, I am
The single passenger who leaves the train
Will never stop in Kromeriz, decided long ago-
Indirect, and difficult a way, no train stops
In Kromeriz-
It is
A local assent-
A stop outside of Kromeriz-
It is, so late, I took a later train
And now, is dark and wet and late, and one more
Local, maybe I can catch- it is on one of those tracks-

In two hours-
At the train station, outside Kromeriz- I am alone- but for
There is an insane blind man- his beard is long, and white, and he is thin
He hears me, hears the coins I put into a coffee machine- and, with a blind confidence
He flies to me- and speaks, and when I utter English he can hear,
I do not understand, and so he talks and yelps and whispers- all the more
And becomes like a prophet, and focuses his cloudy white eyes on the top of my head
And I try to move, but he stays in step and moves, predicting when it is
That I will try to step away- his long thin hair is like a part of homeless wear, no time
To tend to self, but always watching (sensing) out, out of the self, a shirt
Maybe is it blue? With chest hairs poking through between the buttons-
An open button up sweater, old, tattered, checkered black and white
And thinnest line of food that follows in a flow, along a crease
From chin to corner of his mouth and even as he speaks some prayer or curse to me
I see a leer, as if he knows that I am looking at him too
And seeing maybe less than him-
I find a tunnel – underneath the ground, it passes
To the rails that send you different ways
-to spend the time of waiting, I will walk, from side to side-
and as I do, the blind man as a bat that knows his way, will follow me
and take no time accustoming himself to darkness there
so he is catching me, and punches my chest
with his boney, accusing finger- sucking up my pity
with my discomfort, and spitting it out, into my face-
yet, here I stand, and face him, and I find, no harm
comes- it is as if- it is only darkness, and, this
is just a ghost- and I have been by now-
out in the world, and darker places, and in my own world too
and Asia, and Europe, and North - I have been flying, so that it seems
the bat man seeks to stir my primate
fear of night
but, my brain waves have come flat to this
he should see
how blind I am to him-
and so I wait the time, and try to evade
for mere discomfort
this dramatic scene
like local drama
on a makeshift canvas stage
and as the last of night
and local train arrives
- I see it come for years
a pin of light and moving
and, through the fog-
the blind man fades
I see him, in a straight and narrow line
Walking backwards to the street and out a hill that eats him-
And the train is like an empty stomach

And, it moves slowly like digestion
Through the shortest spanse
To Kromeriz-
So, twice I went, so, I blend two visits now,
To fiction it to make more perfect
Two years apart, and choose best for this from the two-

Kromeriz

Arrive- spit out the train car
Is all gone underneath a stone arch people empty
Rain on stone and running water pouring into grates
And down this wall as has been done
Before my years and standing where
Many in their daily lives to work and to their home
Have waited in a silence of their own-
Another dark, another waiting-
And now, I can reflect, as even I remember
Mine is much as beautified as real, and I remember
As the traveler, while, a memory lives here
I will never know-, massed and deep and even
My blind man knows
But thinking now, I know how vain I was and am
To not embrace the things I know-
Could I walk, but I am lost, or tired, and
I wonder, which direction do I go from here-
Street to street, left right
A lone light, a headlight passing and I wave
It stops, a cab- from arch to car
And I am waterlogged, and "square"
I say, and soon, I see familiar streets- (this memory, I have been before)
And then
A water fountain I think it was, a dark mass
Above the ground in white fog, backlight
From streetlights? I am in
Kromeriz- thank you car, and here, is money- gone, like boat on styx –
Sidewalk
There, I see a hanging sign adjacent to me, is it- Museum?
I look, I can, almost see the other side, of the square,
The rain is driving fog back into ground, I see
The border, all around, and at my feet, the stone
The squares, I know, town square, long lived, stone-
I carry bag in hand and back bag- I find a restaurant I recall,
And ask, a hotel – I am unsure, so this will do – I am tired –
And as I move across the square, a wind circles me, and increases rain but it is just a game
Because, I arrive.
A hotel and a shower and a change of clothes
That somehow are not wet

The hotel restaurant and bar, and I am sitting
With a mug of Czech beer- and my wet hair
Combed straight back and tied, and I arrived
And look across the room, and hear CZ and see
Some faces that I know- and as they rise
To leave, I call a name and wave to one
Who stops and says my name, as if a question-
Yes, I think, it is who I am, here-
It is late now, but, it has been as late for longer, as
The night comes early and is quiet here
Candles kerosene electric light no matter
Still, the wax and wane of time like from a storyteller's heart-
Prevails and
Buildings are the same
And the stone in streets, the castle and the grounds, the gardens
Cathedrals, rising it seems on every corner of a block-
Attest to strength and lasting things, and pattern and
The conservation of time-
Daytime, I will leave, and find my way, for why I came
Art and music spill from here to Olomouc
There is a festival, one full, resonant
With love of sound and art and time and place
And human life and statement in the grand
Caught up in some greatness-
From back to now, to forward, it is a spirit festival
Forrest like a forest in where all the elements be
A forest, like the chateau grounds, and fields and pavilions it contains-
Where some will come, from here, or far
Perform, in forum, meet
And, make this context and then
Showing value, not a sterile thing
But thought expressed shows art that bridges all
And first of it, it is
Of time
And here, like something stopped
To show
How strong is place
How strong is art.
And each one brings the core
Of who and what they are, and those who come
And come again-
Affix to something here, or find
A spot within it, them
To own and speak through
Makes a living thing-
..and elders of the art and young
confer on substance and topic
in the chateau halls and at

cathedrals
new experiencing given in
a setting of the continuity-
and young gain from this socket in to arts veins-
overseeing stately and lovingly and still with mystery
Vaclav and Zdenka see, for years these gatherings
Like ritual, a flow of vapor passing
And showing in all these aspects-

Vaclav's Workshop

And I, my place-
What brings me-
In my work, I wish to shed some light
On what I see ignored
Of matter, and of sound
And what both wish to do and be
For us to act, and live-
And I will bring, or search out things
With which to act, and to behave-
And this is my art, and in Kromeriz,
I would find, some streets and sticks,
And brick, and other matter waiting to be moved
I come early once, prepare, and live in Vaclav
And Zdenka's house-
A place so rich with flow of life and continuities
If I am open I would overwhelm –
Of Zdenka's music, and a violin, and pedagogy
And, her dumplings, CZ are different from Taiwan
And I think, Zdenka's all her own –
A painter, Vaclav's studio
It's where I slept, inside their home-
Painting dark and swirl
With powers and color speak
A long and deep sight-
Overcome by power, I would
Look, and feel the presence-
But not to meet it- only
See, and know and when great
Artists come, and speak, and compose-
Where would I adapt, I wondered-
Attaching to the house, a little shed, was Vaclav's
Workshop- seeing it, I lost breath-
Of some wood, and framing things,
But tools, for many things an artist
Uses, and he makes, of other ilk –
A master who will tinker too,
In many things, and Zdenka too, to garden,

Tools and pots-
Expression, coming into
Everything they do, and here, this
Workshop filled with tools and pieces- rich golden nuggets of pure matter-
I said, myself, this is my kernel
My kernel of Kromeriz, I would meet Kromeriz
Through these things-
The walls were covered by a thousand hooks
Each holding a working tool, so new,
Some old and rusted in their use, containers holding clips and screws and nails in boxes
Buckets, wire, hoes and spades and garden tools, and pieces from unfinished things
And left behinds from others done – that spilled out onto the floor, and boards and sheets of things,
And even there a cage, a hamster watched me as I watched- and piles of hay for him-the shed was
singing
In a vibrant silence
Singing for a song-
Outside, flowers grew in abundance
Both loosely and in ordered rows
But here, was a heart, from where
Their plan was hatched-
And maybe also were
The things that held the canvas
I see in squares
And order of their chaos –
And abyss-
The heart itself, depicting time-
How strange, I thought, to look- and now, engage!
Approaching, I assumed, the
Mastery, and confidence, and, humility
To make a workshop speak, and sing-
Its life as second from its users-
Like a child that's born of application
And utility, but also, love of acting out
Of living, day to day, a workshop-
Approach, and make it sing!
I bought a ball of string, and had
My scissors
I placed a wooden chair in center
And began to tie a string to each
Thing I could see- and ran the string
To chair, and cut the length- for
Some hours-
I prepared-
I cut my strings, attached to bolts and nuts
And hammers and pieces
Of the wood, and tools I didn't even recognize
And flaps that hung, and sheets of matter, and to handles
I could move, and

Knobs and any thing-
And expectation
Theirs and mine, of to perform
To play the room, the workshop
As a drum, or flute, or trumpet- to tune and make an orchestra
A celebration of each single voice that we might add to tell symphonic
Stories of the purposes and age and time passed in pursuit of making
Making with the substances of active life- my sectioned order of themselves
Under my eye, of where to tie and lead with string, and how to introduce
Each thing- and see, how best its voice would fit
Into a whole
Together
In an order against the silence
And through the
Open door, like
Sound hole on the
Sound box of a music thing
And time came
Artists and composers came
And I sat in my chair
And artists crowded at the door
And I began to pull the hundreds strings
That met me at the chair
And from the first, each thing rose and fell
Or moved toward me, telling how it lived and worked in Kromeriz
And the care it took, to make what's made with each of these
One was stately, maybe, was a spade, - that rose and fell by its handle
And then sang and rung a metal tone as it fell down against the wall-
A hammer pulled made a thump as if a heavy Chinese drum-
A slow at first, to leave resounding space
But, they grew impatient, and began to
Voice before another's end, and took
To orchestrate themselves-
And so, I pulled and played my part-
But like conductor too, I tried to hold them back
And make a democratic thing
Where each was part in its own turn
In daily life, and sang it so-
And in the end, when all had sounded,
Some together, some alone and in an order,
It was done, and Kromeriz
Had been said
By Vaclav's workshop
And I had said it, too
From in its very center
And I felt that
Now I know Kromeriz
Now, I know, the place-

Epilogue

And now as I am flung, I find Kromeriz and, too,
Vaclav's workshop far afield
And in Taipei, I sounded it again,
And then I will, in many places again,
As each is rich with what
It has and holds
And I find
Vaclav's Workshop
Is in every space
I put myself into-
And if I stay for long
In every other thing and place
Kromeriz is.

As an orphan.

From the one until the next.

From this way it went, it was a mayor's orphan, and as such, the itch was brought. It rested as an itch would do, as patient as it knows it shares. It returns, as after years, and then reclaims, and then the orphans itch. And then, the scratch. It waits, it sat inside a bag, or if a thing, it was a thing that was, in underneath the skin. It slept. It wanted for what to do. And when there was a settling of limbs from age, it swam into the caver and there dug and made the home anew. Its mouth is wide, it sings with orphan songs, three tones at once, and high enough to call the moose, and low enough to talk to earth. Caught monkeys amid the statement of the obvious and grand, or great, the way a father named and named of fathers' father, grand and great. But grand grand chop the limit of descriptive language down, where two were mean the more, subtracting say the opposite, (O positive) but sits outside because there is no equation. Redundness. Where redundness being is regeneration shared, from two. Replacing with a one, how coupled multiplies the strong, but weaken flourishes the way a scatter shot from grand grand father's gun -. How meta-nodule we would pass, pleased, picking up the papers on the walls, pleased picking up the spread of information at the glass and stainless steelness framed gate, to tomorrow, to waiting for the opening. Had in all the menial ringing gone. To pounding, to before, it is a work. It is a special inter-retreat as would be found in labels of the camp house and the fireplace, and smoke smell spruce from ant filled logs to late the run, but while they burn, at least the pray. As would had, the tiniest, the exter- shelled, as tanks protected sweet meats to inside the soft skinned soft shelled inter formed that hide the part the could be blasted loose with subtle breeze, so ants until the heat makes cooked inside. We and that and then the listing of concerns that fallen in a pocket too will burst and never read. The orphan itch is never felt too far or near. Please waiting, please happiness, please walking from the banks until the season turn the fruit and drop them and the rats and worms converge, and we the lasting look, and looking fills the gourde of wanting. Make the water down the slide, and make the water down the trickling brook, and force the weather too, to feel the aging banks the shell and feeling of the passing through the landscape to the place of deep arrival. I am waiting, I am wanting, I am water, I am going, through the landscape, trickling walk. Occupying boldly sweet flavor sugar molecule easy recourse. Dump necessity and then. One is more, then one is less, to asking for it on a paper partition, while the officer will fetch -. Wrestle with the retaining wall, the sea wall too, the

flaming waves that overlap and draw out all the air, the cove is red and stones, blue heat and water air is mixed, in boiled currents tubers and cones. It reverse end times, starting ending fantasy with too much time dwellers, wasted hair follicles and something better spent the actors guild. The factory of beaten tenderizing foams in rivers dry and pocketed with air the ice glaze gap that calls to mother in the space for breathing as it guides you home. Your arms raised up and out, and lower, but they rise again and that becomes he call, that is the left remaining after every memory of baking and the formulas and the counting numbers to retain the wall of self has slipped the way a wax has slipped from oven and, and formed the first remaining formuliars. Lewis Grant Gesner IV will be born in Taiwan soon. We should fight with the retaining wall. Double strange, Swiss ancestry joins part of Asia. Connecting at fourth generation. Proud mouth, sweat itch. Shaving. Pound the sand, the fist to gold and diamond. The coal and soot of wood fire. Pound it to a diamond. The burnt ant head, a diamond on a hand. Burn my coal winter. Heavy coated and brass thick hat in cloaks and long boat, hoarse voice songed a mantric lyric pushed in steady even beating of a time, the moving and the steady pace of oars in up the river and in up the lake and morning or night fall fogging in the Saint George River like the dragon slayer, in the retrodution of this Swiss account of off the family which has jump the tree and off the limbs, that we have broken this, in mounting new the race we founded now. Formuliars push broken rules. I approach and introduce myself. Am in blue air, in blue water and blue black receding and fluctuating shoreline. It is as to the gums and teeth, the movement that has a feeling, no slower no faster. Am in the oars in the water, the flat bottom boat, spinning circles in the glass top of the cool salt water end of the river. Am in meshed in the streaming of personae and the play of myth. Wife is ripe before me, tide moves, seaweed, salt-line packed sea-grass on the shore as if something has taken a long board and knocked it all down – it is long grass, it is of a length, it is two feet and a half in height, it has been pushed and shaped and coded. A cottage it is so dark now it is almost brail. It is on the shore, a candle light. We are off, returning. Porch. Flexing. Battle winter, freeze. Hill from here, hot now, cement block. Cottage, back the coast, the property marker, realtor sign someone who keeps knocking it down. The house on a hill. Some bait, the water, some boards, the yard, a wall, the house on the hill, some paper posted there, tacked down one side so wind blows up on side the way a skirt. It makes, 70 sheets of paper thus tacked, a pattern by the wind, a dance and an undulating sculpture in real time. Formuliar of real time, long list of changing things. That becomes the normal. The power grate and the funeral grid, like baked queen in Thailand deep inside her egg of gold, at procession's end the furnace, or the simple burning bodies of the pigeons shot as pests and put into a stack inside a metal tin, or up the steps to sacrificial in the sound, CT a trickle water washes ashes to the sea again, a pink stone marker makes a spot... some family where everything is bound and in some links the chain hammer and, lets go, to freedom... the words, where all is praised. Make the orphan gaping, from the one unto the three. Most unites want, and twice will ask, then questions balance answers in a rope war, every losing forces challenge which the one prevails, and challenge is the purpose not defeated or defeat. Twice the win, prevailing fails. The future. Lubricating solutions, conductive solutions. The burning tread, thrilling the life, chains on ice. The fight fit of a suit on for walking, for defying the enforcement of presence. Conditions of philosophy and various denials. Separating into rooms and cubicles. I am a hard study of faith. I am a believer, in achievements of commitments to image and to saturations. Rooftops, red, sun over mountain. Marble, temples, grey passing. Tar, concrete and cement. Grey dogs. Ghosts. Dirty sheet and dust on glass and solar panels. Grey talk. Expressions. Grey practices. Grey momentum and braking. Three positions for each item. Three antagonists, woven into one cause in a proposition. Dependent clauses. Shave off passing. Scratching of the coaxing. Should filter out nine tenths of expression. Backward forward moving about all again. Preparing multiple standing positions. The prepared of nine body length answers to the random folding of paper assigned as questions. Quotas of checkmarks. Production, continuing act of joining, added one add two. Many preparation methods for processing the great work. Task, unearthing, ignored. Along straight lines, we would merge. We should point, where to go. Tangent. Begins an

escalating coil but shoots away. That is, moving from the neighborhoods... truant expected late rehearsed posed. Inclined up the hill. Ability to rest unseen. Stealth and shifting blanket. The diamond on the hand, and the burned over eye. If there was reason for the bark, the dog would not have to explain. It is well over the required fields of the implementation stack, the even and odd parities that let us read the positions that are always significant, and design our further plans in and amid the growing pile inside those places where adaptations are set for low readings, with no gauges and limited margins.

There was a piece that fell loose.

An additional portion will be shaved off and used to fuel.

There must be an explanation. There is a feeling, it is used to order the way across the room, in secret steps. Don't look at the reflection. I watched something move like something on the inside of a bag. The position of promise and what habit forms, decision out of associated blocks within the multi-dimensional skill set that requires a completion -... places way into the collection of power struck pose, with no recourse or safety harness there to bring back or, or safely suspend, leaving only forward and the sinking through the floor -... No one thing has known this well enough to act and confidently for extended examples formed -... there is thus little much to follow as a guide, as there have been none to return ... or talking in after that in such a way that we would know it was communication... How much, then the sin and nobis of sin and who to judge but what is told is claimed by intermediaries, then, how should you know to trust -...Particular and wishful, we should all be traveling until the train is gone -... the contradictions of the heated parts, the swooning of the neighbors and the joining of the lesser of the tribes to reinforce by adaptation to doubly accounted presence of mind -... of the languishing, the Mobius turned upside down -... only way to test the fathomless, to drop reportage in... below illusive – to a strata of unclaimed, teeth, baggage, limbs, dreams -, ... mostly you become unknown, report quickly dreams a dream that this is where he always was, and never to go back, as with the lake ice thawing at the edges after one man goes to dig a hole to smelt -...don't, and to concern for every task, rally round the found result and less the calculated and evaluated report -...As the sound of ribbons beating whole against you now. Felt as series backing out of as a liquid hand removed from gloves. For all that, I have slowly come aware -... all the buttons disconnected or impressed, confirm and assure a current shocks the hungry cords. Pull apart, for all the reasons of imagination. Blend the matters now, as everything was missed. Get back fences off the ice and wanting, standing staring through the holes the feet that want to pull the man and make to wait until the melt, and drink him up and thinning ice, and let him slide beneath. Representative nostrils. Breathing equipped. Never was a want for that, the picture lost in the snow. Rectory electricity, lightning through the parsonage window hit the desk and typewriter and then bouncing off the piano turned the ivory keys to a powder then departed through an opposite window... sticky skin, it humidifies the air but wet returns attracted by the static and you, dripping wet, ... chased to a small task, turns huge...report quickly the behavior... where tumbled favor. Passing over edges to rims. They telescope. Anonymous the bring down over lengths and bends. Of spaces and the rooms. Through window ports, long cracks under the door. The artist interrupts, right now is wording for his life. Clamish destinies. Mollusk virtue. The inside all of pushing back. The train to trust. The virtue of the disorient. Make my wheels. The concordance of trials, the observer who sits, farthest back left corner, quietly, secretly, making note. Should not be (the collapsing valley.) The person should not be so visible through the frosted glass. Tendency. Sore readiness. The emotional riverbed. Alive with sparkles, magnesium ribbon. Loan trend. Resistance. (non conductive) Upswing. The man in the lake. Old ways merge with tyranny. Evenly the carved canal, and pressure from the sides are also, but so much that a tiny change can throw the contents into torments... and complete stopping, and complete starting. Signals. A bell will sound. Trees used to post signs, nails and boards. Chicken wire across a dirt road. A sun and squirrels. The lazy day and gaining trust. Walkway and dogs sleeping under cars. The struggle

for concise description. Small workouts in the sensitive morning. Faith in habit. On a shaft. Underlined permissions. Copy adjusting to the circumstances, move away quickly allowing replacement. Adjust, ball bearing joints. A church sits high on enormous wooden wheels. The doors open and insects the size of men fall over each other rushing out. There is a miracle of appearances. There are simulations in a string of morality plays. There are births and dawning. Samples need conformity imposed on them. To pass. All seven. Cranks are turned until sufficient tension on the cords. Thus it is primed. Units are declined by groups absorbed as one.

The morning had a dawn on it.

The night has yet to come.

Color codes set moods. Arranged to plans. Tonight, a second plan, allotted hourly sets. Into boiling chaos. Overturning sauces. Mason jars. Damage. Waking. Confusion of directions. For capitalizations and unaddressed portions of a topic. There is no progress or progression unless a system is regularly broken and survived, which is always the case, as components are able to reestablish normalcy without the regulator autonomously with twelve spontaneously grown protrusions – in some cases culture as it exists from a single mind – pocket of continuance -. Grey hands closer to the mysteries – the story digested in the fog lights – homes and writing foils, gladness and experience -. Hunger pangs stoppages and creation, sensory -... losing liquids in a windy city. My substance rains down on an awning. To become the nature, remote from distress, purely as is and as if is passed. When gone without the nobbing, the ever not will not remain. Children of silken rods and fuzz stones, generation compiled synchronous stations illuminated illusions – well lit collectables in display cases... can sum up now. Duplications of exteriors and interior limited workings and functions of some animal parts...wittle out the word, wittle out the wood, shine and shame -. Trembling beholding Desired places by degrees. What fighting for location across weather barriers. Some things not said occurred with explicitness. The binds hold limited. The choice is by degrees. Strong or weak the bind. Some then cultivate predictability. Provide the secret proof. Wander in the narrow passageway without a light. Act in accordance to the gift. Questioned cause. Material ripples from a loom. It is generic. There is a standardized backdrop of a room, of the outside, the outside. Also there are generic argumentative prospects for continuance. There is a mixture for sustained optimism. There are cattle seeking a master, and fruit that seek the sun an water. Nesting emotion and personal trend. Just seeking. While the bull wit the mouth. This side, contemplating timeless skins. Then there after, nothing. Somewhere pure electric though in many, impulses, seemingly unrelated. The thousand lives one at a time. It is called the great row. Dumbfounded, lost again. Hooks so thin and small, work their negative magic, they snag and they grow, double their barbs, quills, intentions, hurt the more, with one radiance, the sudden good event melting them, it is possible – one good thing. The many bad begin to behave. Melt. Smelt, pour into a new mold make them energy -... stealing back. So in readiness. Many thousands more, misting. Swirling I the North East breeze, the grains of sand biting. Continued torn away from the written word, brand, brail on the page, embossed reading texture is the same as to caress the thing...Why the form, why the study, why reasoning consumes, why the range front an early start to a late and nearly collapsed finished(ed) form -. Why we have wanted these things. Seven more, grind down the impression. There is no dimple, no depression in the soil or on the granite face. The albacore and alabaster cave walls are cold and solid and for fish they smell so. They are as sounding SIMILAR but are apart. They are extremes and perform differently as cave walls and differently in the dark tan in the light. Hey have personality and express themselves the way two lovers who have nothing in common but their desire -. Rudiments move forward into a complex equation, composed of little, simple parts. Fill the page. The strangeness of life beaten into the planet with production of salt from mines and salt from sweats, the armpit and the sea

sand wall, the sweats of fever and divorce from effort, ease and calm in constancy with a only way -.
Failing and advancing through the error, openly and with relish, and with love of the unforgiving mistake,
to take away from it the expectation of the reward, and free it to branch as would the vein into the
many capillaries that lubricate the surface of the limb -...

**And then before too long.
We were talking like them.**

O - ooo - eee - rrr - mmmmmm - lll - ooo -. O - rrr - mmm - lll - ooo - mmm - zzzz - ooooooooooooo.
Zzz - ooo - lll - mmm - O - zzz - ooo - lll... zzz - ooooooooooooo. Zzz - mmm - mmm - mmm, - mmm, - ...
mmm - lll - mmm - rrr...rrr...rrr...

O - ooo - eee - rrr - lll - mmm - zzz

ooo - mmm - lll - ooo, - lll - ooo - rrr - mmm... O - ooo - eee - rrr - eee - rrr - lll - eee - rr - eee. Zzz -
mmm - lll -. Zzz - ooo - mmm - zzz. Lll - ooo - lll - mmm - eee - ooo. Zzz - lll - mmm - eee - rrr - rrr.
Mmm - lll - ooo - eee. Rrr - lll - mmm.

Rrr - ooo
rrr - eee
rrr - eee - rrr - ooo
lll - rrr.

O - O - O - O
O - O - O - O
mmm - zzz - eee
rrr. ooo - lll - rrr.

Lll - mm - ooo. Rrr ooo.
Rrr - ooo, - eee - rrr.
Mmm -, - mmm, - mmm.

**In the fat and overweight breeze.
Nothing is the same.**

Small radius. As a child, I wrote plays for manacium. Each room, a different guided behavior. Location
based. Residual damaging. The issue, the abobtuse. With just a small inflection. Spikes in reason. Hard
breath, snoring. Away and unaccounted for. Head asleep. Body walking. I should - stand, many legged.
So it is possible to sleep -. Also always in form. Fear of to be broken. What time, runs running away. All
broken, all parts. Lucid time. Fat stored under layer one. Immolation emblem. One was rented while a
second was purchased. Three fell dead straight away. Nine examples flowed in a thick clot through a
slippery solid. Several more were born of this situation. Nothing more was contained, as it was full. The
example followed the map of an ancient form of speaking, now lost, tomorrow, sounded, the solid,
forget yesterday, silently. It is a child's life. Stomach juice, projected storage capacity and later use. The
masks most frequently used. Curling, hold and detest. Profoundly tripping and jumping over. The
collapse to move forward. Advance of error. Mistaken walk. Splash-back from many walls. Dirt at the

creases, counting the numbers of joints on the number of moving parts -. Cut the string that holds the object to the stick. Should be as broken. (as a light in a kitchen) Disunity of distant parts across one body represents the coma state in a conceptual advance. No limits apply. It may be widespread or occurring just the once. Sitting in the glass booth, there is extreme weather. It fogs the windows, and the rope ladder is pulled up. As feeling unplugged. As an accessory. The story long. Bare wire across a room to the wall. Given, additional time. An adaptor with extra miles, attached the way an extra limb might fit... additions to peaceful uses of time. Best places in an average room for hiding. Somewhere blistered. Bright. It is, with sudden breaks. Recess. Cleared presentation, parts. Short static breath. Admissions, moments of aching fingers. Trial preparations, competitions. Rake. Stir red coals. Flies apart. Blackberries on the vine, logger roads. Trailers and mud shacks, miniature horses. Continued passing shards, several directions, independently driven, retiring crust, so that passed, with no listening. Quiet, predictions lead on, to follow. Number cast sticks. Privately, am removed. Into fixations, calendar. Whole. (hours) Understood. (preliminary) With the platform. (where to speak) On declining the rising. On to where is resolve to repair. (fix don't throw) Where the grass was dry, they burned the field. It would, start the growth again. Some with people done. Long lax, short burdening. Visiting the door closed tight. The engine stirred, began to wake. But lost track the signal in the hill – serving, spikes in reason. No bad time for mix. Weather machine, hale, storm cloud, buster. Propane flame, move the air in a room. Hemmed in ham overcast wipe. Half timed ambushed utterance. Warm rain, red lanterns guide the alley way, air cooling, match one with another to associate but not to duplicate. Subtle partnerships. Long coats. Celebrate this containment of associated objects in a set (together making one cause complete). The papers stuck to the wall, sweating, - the plan was carried out, eliminating urgency to move the means away from early goals. Scientific method showed a hate for art and free expression not the jail of cause effected image as it contradicted reason to the orderly mind -... it wanted most to salt that so to make it last ... it would chase a thing at the very least, across a room -. Please adjust to the mold reality. Was moving so fast that, it couldn't stop -... it struck the rubber rim and bounced and liked it so it bounced again, and difficult it was to gain control of it, because it kept on till exhausted from the bounce -... slowly try, retrieve old paper notes now -... mosaic in the minds of people running – pictures in the glass sandwiched there, with oil and a stick'em glue -... the beast had discontinued the collection ... lostly, linkishly, adjoinedly, adjunctedus. They have cried out like the starving, for more salt. When washing developments of cleaned following the raw and unnourished, there is cultural struggle, and elite self-consciousness – answered by over praise. Can do nothing. Darkening pages. Sleeping when the pillow cases and sheets are greyed. Modest additions. Modest dream sets. The merging conditions of the brought to the found in place – makes balance -... alerts, quick call, fast bird code -. Snake wrapped 'round the axel. The side drawings, corner panels, alters. Oldest log in the forest, moss grown, mushroom sprouting -... whole bending, night caustics -... unity of motivation, causal actor -. Every passing in a series makes a path for safe return. Too many stories in one life, who voted for impossible accumulation? Old men fishing, shoveling snow in the east. (of US that is) Soon long since I have felt America, but not for missing. Only, oddity of being of a person made of parts -... I, long life junctions, making them along the way beginning now and short ago -...one dreams second parts. Two dreams, added one. Where the tone for vibrating one – where the divide for separating one from two the individuals -...when the link is shaken apart made up of old and rusted junk -... some woods abandoned truck or unidentifiable part, half buried in cement crumbs and dented buckets -... pressure flips the valve -... the hands tremble from overuse. Sought, found, put on display. The monkeys huddle together on the mountain, they cuddle for warmth in winter. The words have dribbled out. So silent auction them. The solid, amassing, the feeling, the delivery, the anchor. The perch swelling in the humidity, shaking off the sleeping bird... and remember that no two units are the same. Point of sale. Limited editions, every store bought log. Not for that, order blanks, waiting lists. Receipt for mileage. Lucid lurid mistakes. The cold floor. Important feeling. As, the ONE. Planted, pointed and secretive positions for observation.

Again the cold floor, and the art is unwell. Art must rest this day. Art with blanket, heavy socks. Passages of time unravel, coil and buckle with shrinkage and expanse of water damaged parchments -. So artistry to observe, must have some rest from it. Walk, hazily. In passing, without the lens. Sleeping today, unraveled, disrupted, unkempt. Lord men pray, this day that on another designated day will be a Sunday. Side cars, cattle cars, luxury, wheels that turn slowly rocking sleep into the empty vase.

Pressure is the presence of the gold. The worms fall from the wood.

And even so, in good respect of every word, and changing none. What is it please that not to note on art's day off. Monkeys on the mountain agitate for truth and generalities. It is a foggy morning there, the snap of branches is magnified and sharp. Churning, coiling, rubbery, soft hot insides. Fur, protective layers, eyes protrude. Unsafe and vulnerable. These times, wearing words exhaustively. Exposures, graded. Blur of enacted and proposed. A silent mill. Open space, pockets converging clusters, partnerships of matters. Nothing is too limited. Subject to binding. Should slow movement for stepping free. Shade tree. Hummingbird. Speaking, own voice. Wooden walkway. Salted, and bush, and flowers. Orderly and nature putting objects side by side equidistant in perfect rows. Stomach crawl. Soil. Collect ornament pilling the shirt. Three piles. Arrange, a yard. Each direction track or path leads farther away. Having moved through blissful statements written on the world. Roughly dawning hours. Crusts fall from observation towers. Had waited for months for fair weather. With jutting elbows, disguised rangers of an orderly group of protectors of a conception took a hill and refused to leave, covering evenly the entire mound with their shoes, dug into the skin, and, they stayed until a second team had come replacing them, then moving on in wide rotations through the list of causes they committed to -, they took the second field. It was a small pile of clay, someone had reported it, it may have been at risk. (or falling under an anonymous threat, a call in) So frees our time for concerns. In a chorus we should question what is normal. Grey ghost celebration behind tombstones and inside their graves. Voiding from canals, three sizes. Some freeing of caged energy in a hob nob place. Tree houses, heavy dead branch on a maple, wind from the sea. How we always count ourselves. Dawning and sun setting on new principles think to look with different eye parts those that stay the same. How to look this way imagined in the fiction. Eyes, parts remaining. Shift of correction, imagine imposition. As am, disgusted process made of. Happily spray pump. Striking at the edge of absent places, on the edge, where previous was still a place, and hold a placeness now, up to the point where that that is the absent now begins – so – strike, the edge – to state – the absence is a placeness – close akin, the absent only past. To, run the striking stick along the inside of a side, and strike again, as long or far inside the absence as the stick can reach – going that, away into the hole, reassess and closing senses down, the fiction then returns the placeness to the early life, that was, the ghost returning. Has amassed this technical event as one more in the list compiling building up to method ready kits that dropped complete grow releasing of themselves as would a single seed it models after methods now completely drawn, expelled from out the nest of making, planned to go once starter kit. Moved and waved toward a middle. Absent location tested group from stick, placement absent looks in range rotation of the spot up on the tripod suspended disk, so best the rooting of the plant, for the drop, the kit rendering the recompacting material from the plan into the hole. Thin walled simulated, rebuilt from a single fielded plan, discounted something other not the obvious that yet made half the substance be -... copy plan, replace - ... the one in many all the same, unlike it that in every one is one not two-... Duplication – match – confuse in order, blend confusions – persuasion of belief – that makes a seeming fact – to poison doubt – this thus. Plaster patches join, and you should find the something perfect. The word coincides. Defended power. Is not weakness lacking number. Unread the whistling behind the glass. Unread

divinity in taste. She wants to use his money to buy a new age book store, where she can have meetings about space aliens and conspiracy theories, and he wants to use his money to buy a liquor store. After all, the economy there is bad. The banal at both ends, mindless while exploiting -, perfectly married -. Charmed couple (ing). Q-tip. Expel anti-virtues. Wiping wand. Cut to fit bricks, designer alleyway, perfect utility in one world throw away the next. Keeping mindful of weights opposing at two ends of every stick, the balance of the idea too with culture claims and needful units in their own designer plans -... wooden tables glass topped felt leg-ed empty drawered so lighter than you seem -... come to visit, useful table with its emptiness -... empty cakes, and gels, on slats of wood for shingles, and slate for walkway between two fish ponds -... served empty, calories ... even as she self she goes... slow, the milking out. Milk with aggression, milk with tenderness, milk with constancy and even force -... Batter with guilt and confidence. Condition with quickly and poorly chosen words. Icy white tile, large squares, bigger than your head, ridge between them deep shallow filled showcase thickness of the tile, -... was a bunker and a kitchen. Against resisting twice, arrest, and then detection. Steady is mandatory. Imbalance is improper and breaks tradition. Introduction, patronage, tradition in scheme, revolt in liberated superiority. Illegal breathing. Wait for tree growth. Observing shale, sit observe again, how sediment, how increase, how the lines when broken thicken, thin and branch -... wait the time, as no there is not substitution. Blind the beaten books, by weather stroked out. Rattle the husks of the locusts in the sheaf until they bring the dark cloud of barbed legs and wing sashes -... don't see too long, a brittle shell shed fast so they emerge again again again even as so active, there no time to waste should be moving never as the shark as well would halt -...its flight to pass. For fins, for beating wings, -. Songs of depth and dark. Blotting out light. Bring them, they request. Blot. Soil gives rise too, like song, the vermin, the poisoned tongue, and the tail, and jelly tendrils looking for their bones, the undulating masses shifting thickened you would drink. You have, and ate them on a stick. Now turning. Eyes apart. To see two worlds. Aborted. Watch. And tomorrow, will a sense be born, and new, a flow, but thin one wire mixing not into the gel, but in between the two that are the eyes, too, unconnected looking passing over two the worlds and misting, as the corpse in death now sees the clouding eye the more, it sees the more by blotting sight, to more -. All rivals, come and contest go to bump your shoulders, why not now, then sit and wait again one thousand million years, at every gate you hold your yellowed water shoulder to-. Go, blaze, furry. Tiny, clustered bubbles. Hired agents, broken backed, attest the labor and fatigue. I shouldn't go, she wrestles with the margins of the water's edge. She shouldn't but she does, contribute to the raising of the water mark by sitting in the tub. So much drift, as if the water in the glass tube to rinse or cool will be bypassed and spray a pattern on a floor and miss the mark, and pipes and canisters erupt and fold the building into pop up books -... Massive, the drift! Massive, the turnstile, allow you. One per time. How blend creatures and content. Hoe even blend words to compile on picture -... blend flat, blend round with flat. Blend words like what with how, where with when. Nobs nicked off. Freezing so flexible is brittle making when is struck the unexpected break. And, the horror of the difference. Where comfort, where peace from judgment, where when sunk back into orbit. The paste is everywhere, in creases, on the gums, and stickens soon and later too – and works as if a job, from morning till the night, it works, on the subject... it works with weakness but has the strength of a slow monster. But should barely move. The valve at the top of the unit will assist the hatching process - . The buzzer means, there is a possible pressure release pending – proximity should be stretched to out the yard. There is a solid cap that covers a tip. It works the way a plug would in a bottle. It was poured on wet, and set so sinking into it, the perfect fit and form. It is comfortable for the object, which remembers no tip without it now. Today as yesterday a lament was made for one thing that disappeared that day. There would be a do-with-out condition on the next day, matching perfectly the day before and forward beyond, though the match was and is and will be for location only, not the individual as duplicated. But this is the equivalence we have, the approximation which can be no more exact. There is never a duplication, only a frame adapted to converge in a similar field of association. Apart and away from notice or observation, the flow

continues. The motions move instead of something. It is a new tradition, every time. Clad in nothing but metal sheeting, the replacement field thundered forward and back with each day looking for the parade. It was a hallucination of water and salt with not enough oxygen. The cold made the bones shake and the quivering felt like an embrace. Few resisted the self engine trend that renamed and transposed the physical aspect to this enumerated in the stack, of those things other than that had an open hatch to possible next days when the same would be transposed again, and not restricted to banal of physicality of the mere and jutting effect of bones that shook and skin that crawled with damp and starvations -.

The cliffs are breaking loose.

The caretaker sleeps in the blue cave.

As such there is no action taken for these things. Strictly speaking of the group that came to further the deeds of the ancestors, they had achieved very little until after they had forgotten this purpose. When this occurred, progress was swift, and hybrid settlements formed in secret villages variously hidden from perceptions, one perception per village, and animal husbandry, and fish farms emerged the way a flower blooms overnight in spring. One mile of dirt piles in all directions around a single inch thick battery core. There are many celebrations of this type. It is high art. It is a symbolic charging of culture. It is the obligato sponge relapse. In search, in quaking, with the table moving, choice shifts attention by a paperclip the way a divining amulet works, to point its chattering tip upon a word scratched on a scrap of paper with the end of a pencil on which the lead had snapped and fallen out. The word was an impression on the paper, but readable as "Flight." It was taken to mean, to run, to evacuate -, the building emptied, which soon collapsed as there was an earthquake, which was why the paperclip had moved -... it is a wonderful thing -... slow food moving... through the body now... eating... cold enough to wear golden mittens... the body is colder while it digests...moving through the mask dance, they should go now having finished with fifteen faces -... sent failed, but alerted. The perforation on the top, to let them go unattended should call to nature, fix this of your own accord -... tire the boar...prevail, onto the act of sponging, with the intention to prepare as was done of the ark -. Intention, to begin the means of speaking twice more, then to quiet -...to put aside the references to the things -. Measuring the distances to model them in scale on pages -... and encompassed, and instirred, matters holding thought that living in the cells, express in farther distances than rooms or landscapes than the space inside a hollow bone cup -... it is not particularly keeping to a plan -. If it hadn't been awake and waiting, it wouldn't have known it had been stung -. But still, hard to believe, it is still shaking the head and limbs, to try to shake off what is happening inside from blood to organs all the way and out. Should arrange small nobbs made of overlay and compressed wood shavings, with glue, and narrow thin slats of teak and other fine and rare woods -... arrange them in sets, near places they might be used, to suggest, improvement aesthetic, - value material, ... as same, egg beside a bowl, while soup steeps, leather beside old shoes -... lawn design books near old mowers -...growing walls through the teeth of the rabbit skull... filling of air. Was it the extension of the stick that one can rise up from a seated position, is it natural to sit at all asked questions. Forced through spaced shoved through keyholes squeezed through tubes of light and flattened into paper binders -... method. Book length in living. Would it matter, what the question requests, that, where is the real thing to identify in that, the questioning that lasts for four to twenty, stated. The stationary thing, has revolutions all around but does it swirl, and does it move itself is stated. To this end to put the questions in the wooden box. Something ask it take the hand something ask it comfort with no upturn sound to petition the form is shamed... makes the falling out away from smallest turns of sound as if been struck by cinder block -. To self address too long filled the time for decades to conceal. Small wells in many grounds. So small that they dry. And in such number, they are loosened, and they are drifting, but even in their wandering are familiar things, -. Hands raised

in amens, enthusiasm. Blessed expressions, muscle strain. Sack races, picnic. Shallow, slow folks, quick to anger, judge the child, reverting. Angry with a stick. Spoon bending, bowl busting. Sweating lodge, and something lodged into the crack. Sand, windy beach. Drooling twins (elders). Study to relate- the generations. Unify to fusing with welding solder. Match. Converse, strain through rags. Groupings hold one topic. There are seven delays. Intention makes observations more meaningful than a list. Grey.

Properties of Principles made the thinker lucid.

The road was blocked by a heavy rain of salamanders.

Hear the footsteps. They come closer. They are stranger shoes. But are they of a stranger. When should be wake the night is dawning. Excluding all the self. Debut the smallest part, on elephantine pedestal. Brail with razored edges. Descended in time line. Classification falls into two categories for one object. Classification category of parts, and the parts listing for subset of classifications of complete object from which parts come, and evolution of distinct life separated from the source complete object, but this runs into more than three categories, but a fourth category is an exponential growth slot of categories as adjoined to classification, and it is retroactive, so that previous classification one through three is affected as if never considered separated from the over-classification of the fourth. Embrace of soft cotton. Descended attitude and posing. Calipers and observation, see for growth. What happened, the friend born under the foggy night. Misty back-road Maine in the US at night, can't see, what you hit -. Same fog night night-mist Costa Rica Manuel Antonio road, a pile, as if a sack of clay, but when approached it was a toad as big as a pig, sitting in the middle of the foggy road. Disinterested. Calm. Waiting for insects. Near a single street light. Not being so this much should be passing on the judgment tests. We wake, we wait we sleep, size increase shrinking and changed fat to stretched and back, twisting too. Undulation of the living spirit moves the flesh to follow. Undulation. Parade. Unread as confession of teenagers. Piles in the road, deserted. What is it this time, surprises. Stamped. Recorded. Mirth and growth hormone. Sickened, raised up to happening. Healed. Heeled. Holy stumbling in grades of two plus one. Who seven would dissolve. Who treating consistent with pre-human text allows passing through soul transmissions, the wood, the hinge -... splendor, stubble, sliding watch gears -... repository of digested ideas pushed out toward the sidewalk using the model of the inverted stomach of the mollusk which wraps the organ around a morsel envelops and draws back into the body... watering sockets, peaceful waiting... recommended and commend the action, calling on the prevailing power of wooden faces to spray the sand mist over the city, to still and force into the calm spaces set aside for sleep. Sorting through, the series of means by which the one may pass the period between sleeps. No passages otherwise. Baffles, echo muted. Given pause, there comes upon it an extended sleep. Shared endeavors, a single will prevails. The desire for the distant forage, and the pressure on the guilty hand will quickly numb the nerve. So should walk with wobble, with a pinned on phantom limb. Ghosts in their season. Like a child's gravestone. Chills. Old boxes, filled with dirt in the winter tomb with their lids slip off enough to smell the frozen dirt (a hint) make writing desks for morbid wanderers and platforms for divining amulet the same bought at the novelty store -... dreaming sparkles of the fearful light that has fallen they are hoping - in their town -. Brown walls no matter wood veneer and glass orb over-styling energy saving bulb well hid inhabits nineteenth century room sensation of a room with radio that's covered over with a cloth, and phone too beneath an age appropriate fabric-. Unsightly modern shame. Confusion waking as if the traveler. Transition more pausing in eccentricity. The traveler is the one who is lost in his own steps. The travelers cannot recognize his reflection. He commonly submerges his head in spaces without atmosphere and tries to hold his breath indefinitely. He transplants, and tries to be at home anywhere. But he is always lost. Dirt waffle on the shoe falls loose - what soil or land is it from... now nondescript on a green tile floor. Through a channel where the passengers are enlarged with

exaggerations and irregular, non-uniform embellished, this if of the inventive hand, which squeezes the innovator hand until it cracks open and its seeds fall onto the dish -. Heat treat, melt the way a sprinkle of sugar -... brown, burnt dots of cookware. Tomorrow is the ball that never rolls is always out in front - ...IN properties of the thinking mass of recollection -... renamed foreign terms, -... to Michael in the smallest grave, beneath that ancient tree and his overgrown gravestone, cracked in half and screwed together with two rusted rivets and a red metal bar, and broken a second time and not repaired, visited you, once again after thirty years, in the cemetery second Baptist church in tenants harbor where I used to be my father the minister's son -... hello -...written on another monument nearby, in rotten apple lettering, so wet with smear of brown rotten color -. The box gone it was oldest in the ground. Conform to demise to say affirming to the conventional lack of wisdom accepting it -... connecting lights, as if the stars that form the outlined constellations draw the pictures out, so would the light-bulb and the spark on the stove and crack that lets the sunlight in the darken shade-drawn room -... connect. A picture – of what. Unsightly modern. Rain mud and long green grass and very wet soaked green the ground. Dirt road high hill mound parked on top the round, the long walk down the ruts across walk to the firm but wet long blades of green, the shine on every blade, and smell of earth, and smoke that drifts from one to three chimneys nearby close enough to see, and catch the wind – and low tide, still the skirmish marks of boots, and holes, -... I imagine still I see the well -...completion in a growing attitude - ... a complex striking – a fold. Masters of sincerest piles seek delivery... passive laundered production line with a row of exemptions... nine noodles remained in the bucket... seven pieces of rice in the other... there is the regular swarm to finish them – they come and go in the swirl of grey air.

Gods Drop Stone on Car. And so on.

The crackle of the powder
and the street awash with
paper bits of red in rain,
its Sundays or its Thursdays
and the local gods
request observation
as the effigies are
shouldered through the road
and engines of the city
power down behind
procession and
the traffic of the feet
that force the way
through modern days
win out, once, or, twice
unless
the ground has opened
as then...
gods might linger
longer in the mind,
a street the village
as
when broken through

a mountain wall
for passage
and the sliding stone had buried
others, and they said
it woke inside the mountain
and advance of industry
should fall back for a time,
remembering,
that by the grace of others
we should live –
the old ones hold their court
in closet temple
and in spreading fields of brick
and tile,
and we should make our way
both lightly
and, with knowing,
we have never tread
the world alone.

In halved the vivisected wander like this, in their trance of fear and honour
as regard, they tremble to offend the smallest and the weakest having might
expanded in the passing, humbled dowager grows out the rippled spine
in their fixed expressions looking on, their eyes are carved as closed
and cut from the darker wood, they show themselves solid opaque
though by the forcing labored hand the shaking merest form
in – penetrate with the boring worm are animated by the carriers
who acting pole bearers as it sits is sitting upright in its tasseled throne
would jostle and then bounce them knowing they have nothing of their own
imbue the wooden head dressed down in flowing robe and wondered at the body
listed down below, descended from the root they look into, there is no left
remaining, is it stopped below the neck where cloth resumes in velvet silk and cotton color
to delude the eye and mind...
colored smoke rainbows,...

The oddity museum
the nut collection
collapsed circus,
stuffed, when they died, decorate
the building – which is an old wooden
grange hall –
the animals, gorilla (low land)
anaconda, forty feet long, and dodo bird,
now extinct, and what the card beside it said is
an authentic Egyptian mummy –
a mask and some pillows wrapped in dirty strips of linen,
two wooden Indians, side by side between two rooms,
painted cows outside, an elephant made of plaster and fiberglass

beside the road, in front,
the second floor, are nuts around the world, in
dusty glass and wood display
and for sale, candy and novelty
two fun house mirrors from the carnival
that stretch and squash
illusion and wonder and façade of spectacle which hides nothing –
a mystical a place one time long before
the pilgrimage to see
the golden arches oscillating numbers
from once retreat
restores the visit once
again a year to pass to rely on there
resumed plus thirty years
had gained grotesque a standing
taxidermy failed into piles of leak
of sawdust in each case
sawdust, from exotic land
from ass and mouth the beast
a fat man, offering (something) asthmatic cough...
in a handkerchief,
explains, the rare collection that was sold
returned he bought them back and
one by one restored
the wandering show
for these odd thirty years
and, even the gorilla was
back in its place-, though worse -...
but, rememory was
the thing that missed the mark
and not the thing
its patina diminished
extravagance itself worn...

Far again, the first an emblem toilet seat black paint and black paint toilet walls
a bar on that ex-patriot strip, they called the "Piss Hole" and a TV and a stack
of VHS of slasher movies back to back all night bar
and expats bitch at me because they see me white complain they said
the whores are ten dollars worth they think, but he should pay them two
he says, and this is one place lost its charm he says, and I am looking to away,
what hell I stepped into now, the toilet's black –
one night wanders is enough, and next to Bandung for
work one day..
and, Yogya next, and lost at 4 A.M. a stranger asks if I am waiting
and, I am given a meal and comforts at an old Dutch house, just as the mosques
begin their morning calling
through the city one then one more then another than a chorus like I heard before from fractured
speakers

strangely gentle

to a house, it was the black house as, it all of black, from every room inside and out, and roof and sidewalk, and, had only saw it other once, in Amsterdam, a black building, with a yellow sign giant banana

on the outside strip club but, the deepest black paint, was the Church of Satan once before -... in the morning hours, before the mosques, the cats are running on the rooftops all in heat, and moaning, populations unattended cats that breeding wild is like some crazy bird calls contest in that night, and then the mosques -... before daylight ... in Yogya in the jungle finally in the peaceful flowing heat heavens to compress by early afternoon the day is done and flee the man and ox from patties to the thatched retreating from the sun ...in the ravaged place, a year before earthquake, now lingers rubble, eight or nine are missed, a small village, everybody knew, who died -... a gift, to the farm ...

Two sounds the wind compressed insanely from two sets of glands
and flattened hoods and patterns mocking a theatric smile
that fall out unfolding from a canvas sack

the snake farm yard

the dust they land in

he, bare legged jumps but not so pronounced

he has felt them many times

and father felt them too, and father too, in his tradition

back, back,

thinking, same, the spiny fish

generation stabs one two three

but one then two

the cobras strike his sandal -

he, snaps at them with the empty canvas sack

they circle him, and display, as they, face each other ...

and the farmer, sits aside -...

and in behind, a secret, concrete room, a pit as like a well, with covered plywood

pushed aside, erupts the winds all winding sound as tightly coiled as ribbons

moving in the hole, all one, over the other, flesh

and taking them, select

and losing with a machete

six the heads

and catch the blood and venom

in a glass

and with the jungle creeping to me

drink the fire –

In the beating day

pounding start for ten hours

and the penetration of timbre

metal brass and cascades, tone overlap

eyelids low mast

how young, they should be let

this work of days

with their pantomime and brightly blue

horses and

wooden swords

and, gold headdress
until, it happens
eyes roll or take on them a stare
and, you can see the taker
in the pools and when the taker moves
inside the small body and
to show and acting out the tale
somehow, the body keeps – control?
And even then the mind in art, it illustrates
first and third the person but what person.
all the day, all the day, the dirt soaked when the buckets to keep from collapse
excess coats the dust and settles it to make a clay bed
throwing, splashing
primordial in the first lost memory, it is
a showing, in the mud, so these mere bodies
warned, should never claim, and illustration of the parent too,
of dominance of the realm of sight and sound, and moving forward
and the jealousies of those gods -...
to dance, to fall into the hole, to rest
to feel it up and move again
to be the witness slowly made to share, to join -...
what masks evil in the world -...
trouble to embark on such this thing
the hinge detaches, starting now
insecure arights footing
as this how the influence
subjugated by suggestive nature
easy to become as during locks had been removed
and THEY will transit in wherever they can go
that is not blocked to THEM.
And to see, no opening for one, but in the throat,
so in the opening the throat, it squeezed it, and it
coughed until
the young coconut medicine
and coughing and tears came but out proportioned until shaken and advised
ignore, ignore -...
and then yet another even not accustomed fell and swooned, and sickened
she took for her fainting opening, that all told outside took
the two the most docile to the spell
lapsed into a new day
in the patties and the mud is dust returned
and, the two remain, unfixed, while all else is the same the day before -.

One dot on the water is the magic boat
from how far on the line
Have the stranger knocked on every door to enter in
to follow one escape and onward to the next
to find what outward thing external stopping

to the engine with a gear to go and for nothing idle
makes of it demands put on the way a suit is worn...
so shocked the viewer seeing such a dot
and so at sea
would leaning back in wonder, turn to ask
an offshore viewer
how this was...
how to always hide, the greatest of the secrets one could house
that nothing stops there is nothing on which repose can fall
who can follow, who can walk the more, and pace when trapped, and wait
but not at rest, but waiting, spinning, turning, grinding...
to be loosened in this way and put adrift
into the void
either waters or the heat two poisons
or if time allow some other ways will cross the path,
in the sea, with space to pace but back then forth, to recollect becomes
the walk
of in the broad expanse
and lost in it, with everything to walk...
as one wonders while in any of these
where in fact, am I
if not
in life...
than what...

Where that old captain
lost of confidence
lost of dog that wife that too his boat, because
the sea destroys, so still
he had the rented room
and for his hunting, 308
and lost his mind
against the wall an arch, -
some symmetrical expression in the last, his lost accident
as of the ocean, everything at risk so risk the sea,
survival spread as man oppressed.
Sea captains, as sorely remembered hunting partner
given name of Coffin, eighty-seven
still an eagle eyed with gun,
still as stationary in the wood, mice, run, over legs and feet at
4 A.M. so still and silent there, where paths converge, and as
a Mason with the lambskin apron in a rite
assumed him more mystic with a smile, had passed while parked,
his car one hundred feet from his front door,
where he had laid his head onto the wheel and blew the horn -.
And, announcing his ascension ...
the young captain, plots and places buried there inside,
he still possessed the rough

association one to one the man the sea,
and seen him, buck knife drawn
straddling the shark that filled the deck
the day at sea that we drew in, it took the three
of us, hand line, gaffed it too, nine feet and Rip as he was called
he jumps on it like rodeo
and plunged to his wrist in it the heart
and soaks the deck in the blood fountain
and three of us deck hand red,
an guts an embryos flying everywhere and cut around the head
and off it comes, and throw it overboard and draws a hoard of sharks that knock it 'round
the way a soccer ball is hit, from end of nose to end of nose and circle
in a spiral as the head sinks fading out from sight, the circle it an follow it
down into the darkness striking with their noses
eyes of severed head are blinking at each strike, and it is biting too, with its mouth...
It is like that, like accident of fate,
and the poor deciding... even that the shark had took the bait -...
there in the art room, my wife is modeling
I wait inside a classroom emptied now, the upright and
the Beethoven bust on top (plastic) and
the black Chinese letters inside red hearts for Valentine's day...
my receptors overloaded still my resident status confirmed
Celine it is a drop in the bucket or pool, for art and literature and life – I extend -...
the wash of a lament, and undecidings so defining after in the
retrospective hoping to correct, inside the
retrospective centers of the brain -...
and when we were out in not a rocketship but instead as the adults
the half broke down fishing boat,
bailing hands that re emerging in the wake, the still night
waters now,
so schooling fish and squid
that make the phosphorescent lines below the boat
is a matrix and a grid on which we float,
which I have seen and matched in as wild hallucinations from heat
of green and yellow – addled a thousand other times,
but addled dreams, of this.
And when it hit again, the waves above
the boat
and tried to thrust through them nose first
but, returned to drift-
and battered bailing, sitting low on subsequent days,
did – be found alternatively or not –
I think, opinion devised for openness here –
Take it all
Walk away, with it ill advised, in open water,
Any the other removed, take away, conceal –
Land locked and ocean blocked civilized and backwashed
Illiterate and primordial

And high speed, rail -.

Illusion of the exercise
planning of the far and invested
of a timing wheel
a granite quarry in a thimble
the Swede's brain in a thimble,
that passed on family passed on
from my missing memories, in a thimble,
the saw mill and the burning boots
to dry on the stove in a thimble,
in a thimble an everything will fit.
The cement plant baked a half a ton
to the undercarriage of the Plymouth,
wet cement that hardens, and it froze up every
tube and pipe complete, a blocked car-.

The red envelope is on the sidewalk
here
the red envelope, as given on Chinese New Year
you give money to employee or family in it
the red envelope has money in it –
it is on the sidewalk
I would to pick it up
my wife, she stops me, let it be –
It is an old trick –
It has money in it, but it is the dowry
for a dead daughter
while the father lurks nearby and
watches
his bait
who picks it up should marry
his dead unmarried daughter
for, the dowry is the price
for the ghost wedding –
so much the drifting, even not so
always in a boat but
even as the daughter passing on
is drifting unattached -.
...to go from scene to scene and passing between stories in a unite one
to where, it is the fear to stop
the fear, to know, one, or the limit of
things,
accepting (some) the barriers
to make evaluate to grow and purge –
the block resides in
the insignificance (to know a thing)
what one thing

(what increased number)
evaluating, one odd nesting knows.
(blocks on blocks)
and blocks.
To nothing built with blocks.

While then, there is over all it.
We should hope, if we should placate
or dismiss or maybe they or it or us
the avalanche
the mountain
and, the winding road as gone
and cars beneath it
was it god(s) or
was it while they watched
we might to ask
what kind of gods.

Calcium hands are polished. Pride is taken in appearances.

Shifting smoothly, the angles managed many of the long expected gaits, and then began the series earnestly again. They remove to consort. They are a study in dignity. Their eyes are dry. Cut the pathways now, is almost time to introduce the self. But hold. Refrain. Another volume. Still, divided, plural is enough, to take composure in the persona pushed apart. Particular of pleasure measure. Am in this roll of tangled matter. Embattled with the flowers born above the grave that you would chase away with hay brooms -...Foreseeing forward in the magic held in slacked jaw stroke refused to be victimized. What holding of the beveled angel. Routered in sensuality of the nervous tremble that a blood clot simulates-. Rub rub rub wear ware wear... become confused in order inside the too large container of the boxed set ... and so, misread – and ill acted on in consequence... with no chips left to spare, all are consumed at once. Subtle. It is a submarine in a primitive, living form. There are many actively involved in the perpetual dance -... was it something that the children of the trance dance bring, with their ten hours of history and their passages from one cadence of God to another which is seen immediately, the posture and the face, a single glance or shoulder moving... how indeed -. Frills from dried nut skins enriched in contrast of burned hardwood carbon -... eyes to fixate, eyes to gleam what the colored eyes -... next -. Every shave of matter in the flesh as burden to one perspective or another -, -. Adjacent to the point of reference and maximal outlet for its undercurrent streamed desire for a lower tone that rumbles as remembered when the fossil cousin shared in secret séance that long year ago, that had no change in high or low, but mid earth when it stood still for one time, and flexed that one time, filled out with the contents of a longer age, while seconds passed, but filled like thousands more -. Shifting weight from foot to foot, from rope to rope. Soiled samples. Them the ones to find the pocket into which to slip, -. Boiled pigeon. Cloister garden, Prague, in a cold rain and shivering -. Study in absentium of books. Nostrils blowing hard, -... not all aggression, but a balance with fragile strands of melted glass -... the drive to the trial center was slippery with snail trail -... the churping lizard song fills the patio. It was determined, that karma would take its course. Blocks of raw latex are drawn from rubber trees like pulling splinters. It is a tree fantasy. Slowly raising the boards until they are vertical, we should try to nail them into place, though there is nothing yet raised similarly on the barren landscape onto which they

might be attached – so we should judge it possible to continue in our way, and drive the nails, into air, and just to see, if that should be enough to erect these boards, and let us move on to the next, the leveling of a roof some feet above it, in the air -...rest sweet mind, you tax the only part the government has no idea about -... trading then, the examination goes back and forth. Trading forward with the timid myth, the mobbed aggressor chisels down to one -. It was that, that in maddening and in mild conditions changed the coat. Perpetual, long glissando as the range fluctuates, and over the entire -.Will, the terrors, all of nine, offend, or only just remain. Being is the center of activity? You see a color, mark it down, in that color -. One life one configuration what can you solve with more. Everything is rhetorical. Why speak. Why ask. Traveler. Traveler symbol. A formal flood of irons filled the sleeve of every shirt. Now walk through the park at night. Stable welts, color field shift, red compression, fades, lines remain, maps -... greetings and dismissals are exchanged. In a small place, everything close at hand. Mixed wet apply dries. Solids move quickly. Partitions divide topics of gifts and greatness into useless atomic materials. Categories limit human resources and standardize the human output. Slotted for what they know. Loaded. Muzzled. Disposed. Wrestled in a terminal hold last gripping, first through the port from that coupling, pushed in each other's direction aside, then through a narrow alley passage. Then the dreaming of waves and frequencies, blocks accounted for, and free squares given for the sacrifice, -. Something given, strum the instrument and scratch the post with splinters. Sailing in a mob spotlight. The Consort to fill perceived lack, being well, wants to pack into it likenesses of home, but there where it was from was not of that before – and only now is IT sought and gained, unfamiliar as it seems, with no converging appearances or sounds we make alike. Am not lost, am not lonely, but, am. All the more, for while you wait. Will flash retreat, and sounds are every enough known now, enough. Merged nests share one eye. One moving part, lever, weight, ... content. Right here, patrolling the widow's walk. Long and slake. Underscores earlier progressions. Modest sales. Binge production. New ways to slick and spin wheels without advancement. Extended time. Diminished use. Diminished intention. Extension but subjugation. Where mixture moving tackle. Washing, clean rag. Progression. When stopping. Don't hold down the brake. Just don't run the engine. Lean or with fat. Boil off the oil. Drain. Small town reconsidered. Cosmopolitan versus regional. In the iron maiden in swim trunks. In the process. With vegetables. Plant gems in farm dirt. Create circumstance. False impressions. Disrupt. Release feathers in the wind. Attending to the profusion. Gossip. Seed your own. Have two horns, one on each side of the head. One shoots poison, the other, an antidote. Playing with, collected rusty nails, all sizes, punctures. Seaside towers. Gales and storms at sea. One side then the other side, forward. Again. Stealth in secret understanding. Hidden rooms and passages. New England Gothic. Smugglers tunnels to the sea. The man wears an orange mask in his time. Later and at the last minute before something different, he turns the orange mask around, and it is white. It is a ghost mask. He hears a sound and he mimics it. It is a sound from the other side of the sheet. A bird hears and drops dead immediately. Tumble willfully. Frank allotment. Sustained predictive, wire saints, approved substance, abusing abuse with moderation. Undone binding, floral patterns etched in natural crystal faces. A slow fungus growth is advancing. Nine yards of briars surround the tank farm. The painters excelled the meaning of the field. Close calling, the polished is peppered with cavities. The equilibrium is lost, balancing. Air curls enter the nose or deflect from their side to the nostril, or redirected from a sudden pressure imbalance, make radical circuits through a small collection of claustrophobic rooms -. There is an emotional sensitivity, it is exaggerated by the participants of the cultural milieu -... private collectors of rare rainbow colored kidney stones flex their artistry... it is similar to the critic on the trawl for a bad subject of review, or the freelance curator seeking his career builder in the young and innocent -; the spoils are never worth the trouble to produce. In some opinion, a great evil is committed. Launched into an orbit of lapsing and eloping spirals -... trend traditions sending, ... furnace mantra -... adjoining rooms -. Undressed fashion. Dry noodle. The splendor in the plunge is more the(n implied) amazing when blown by wind -... The labor was worth the training. (Twelve conditioned, three suicide) Transitions always pending survival. A Dolphin is not a seal. A seal is

a small stuffed animal, as is a bear. There is short range for throwing wads of paper. A dart and a stone will fly farther, but both a dart and a stone make distinct sounds when they reach their final destination. It is their song(s). Every thing sings something. Monks and church fathers reduced their knowledge of with humility and pressurize the suspicion that there is a gathering cloud of the unknown and this is on the increase as studies commence... A/ the person commits to life studying literature there is in every choice of word thereafter a harmony of association and reference. The bait is in the bucket. The red pail. Or was it the light blue pail. Or blue pale... Some burden flowers in the kitchen. The farming begins when available space is eliminated. It is a farming of personality and of the clever button -. Far resisting seduction of easy conditions. Internal activities. Foreign indwelling. There are special paper treatments to correct for remorse on the page. Beaten in, various metal doors. Appliance doors first. Follow with a flurry of metal apartment doors, and barred house doors in the village. This will be enough to start a brief file. There on the floor, the grout lines between tiles become thin rivers for the condensation, which literally flows through these lines -. Wet materials bailed with mesh wire and newspaper layers... the duck head and the chicken head will now appear in soups -. Descended from both artists and tramps. Play. With form, in clay, or poo. Undescended. Genitals, descend, while she climbs and falls off of a fence, then girl becomes a boy, descended. All witness. Seen transfixedness of any number eyes moshed, in the turn-belt cycles, engines. Swinging out wider circles otherwise would fight. Quaking. Dust settle dust rise. Late to arrive at privacy of self. Long way through the trees. Some thoughts on mapping. Nd one after the other watering the souls -. Mountain dwellers rubber boots. Later an other. What happens are eight o'clock does not happen at nine o'clock, even in another time zone, it is not travel. Of events. Or time. Window sill worn from elbows. Sash weights song of dragging through a navy building for constructing submarine propeller drive shafts single rooms three football fields long, clang clang clang of window sash weights. Cement floor -. Echo delay of seconds -. One thing something second comparative thing nothing. Base line disagreement. Neutral then. Water the eyes with a thirty hole. Thirst the quench with a poison fountain. Moistened wood swelling. Reeds wet bend, fatten one note thin the next and previous. The heart is saved by quick removal wringing the way a wet towel is, returned without suture, merely perfectly in place. Some games to be played with available seeds. Movie set design, conceptual from seed husk -. It is proof of arrival. Picture compost. Ferment circumstance. Imagined, strangers' photos. Intelligent exchange with sea mammals through eye contact -... making a long focused walk to the hamburger... sun, wet clothes drying, trees are gone except for crops for fruit - ...stillness of factory worker's house. Air heavy to the touch with polymers. Pushed in dimpled jelly, hold an imprint, lift a print. Ripe with hand's fixation. Can't stop touching. World watch tiny screen, prism glasses. Keep abreast of rolling laws. Three quarter claw one quarter hammer. Make more mistakes. The shaft. Any path to wander from. Save encompass entertain ... jumping from it how from many years had done. Should pass the way, should challenge. Should move from the frozen duty. The decks most sought for landing, folding and are moved. Is it thunder in the low pressure. Rescued or the saved ability. That to keep the doors of pushing. Pressing tacks into cardboard. Popping inflated things -. Am required should be leaving.

There was a smelt shack accident.

A song was involved. Perhaps one of the victims.

The name remains invisible for many years. It comes out of paper and ink with pee or lime juice prompting then it will evaporate and leave the trail of messages far behind it, deeply nestled in the hay of pink and white. White gas spilled on the ice -... far could they fall inside another -... border keep out life. Where the cool air. Sand drive blasts. Mixture moments, compounds have one entry point to bridge the mix. Anger for the weakened parts, anger for the pushing softness for obedience and the signs and

words placed high or down below to capsules project times, to link the hosts and guests and cells and virus and Vilnius, that always made me

Think of that, (art museum there)

in what place asked questions

anti and aggressive folded put away as the slot

as made up for controllers take

what friends away

and isolate as cancer cells, and, we have a

freedom bridged, and busied.

Spherical broad bending around it, likens gravity.

Conical, like it spirals into a receding or advancing space from edges

of the flat-on-one-direction circle – am it, in difficult tomes.

Still to breathe, still to make their signs, and what along here. Should stand in lines to push it down.

What terms.

For the elders. And for the disappearing. Am the Monday. Am the Thursday. On the Friday. Or.

Am closer to one day than to another depending on the day and what day in fact it is-. To specific, actual days.

Sailing (as with wooden posts)

with metal rings (around the posts)

and the aging, which extends the life.

Reversal secret.

Colded as to warmed. On a dial.

Should as to be masking.

When prepared to mail, then sending.

Many rooms, color for mood control.

Many soft sounds

and marching publicly.

The allotment was

improved by believing

life extension and spending.

Make by concentration, but,

large blocks lost

to

attending to that topic.

Not such as the demanding purpose

for that gain.

Life extension for the worst, bunkers for the mist begotten, frills (for those killers) dismissal by way and of irrelevance, experimental instrumentism and SURformalism and general elevated rendering. (exposed words) Does it end or simply stop. Tapestries made by dung beetles, poetic techniques and the technology of the image. The drain gives off smell – there are many drains, and many complications of them down below. Retrogression Life Extension, rare commodities as those who need for art if not time than what, than this is life extension not the hours such. The irritation removal in a gentle tap with extreme intent hard prayer eyes squeezed temple veins bulging, harvest from dust vein on temple bursts, harvest from beware the rite. Lay the stack of paper 500 sheets white in the middle of the farm field freshly turned earth outside Tainan on a windy day and chase what comes of it, and collect, and even follow as more fly even until they are all gone, recollect them all... some perfected stillness, in a perfect silt; a low lit room, large clean and nearly bare, with air conditioning lightly on, and quiet too -...a resident and soon, with resident card, resident in an old white cement house – farm field freshly turned

behind -... allow small breaks in intelligence. Plan to till thoughts there. The mighty engine runs dry. In the spirit room they filled the bowl. They whined and wailed like dogs. Walking there your mouth is filled with the taste of sugar cane... the floor is sticky. There is a vapor fills the room above the level of the waist. You should avoid it by crawling on the floor, but that is not easy, as you stick on it like a fly to fly strip...the empowered master of the room, an orange round pulsing growth dictates activity through a long and arbitrary list of room conditions it loves to advance and reverse before going through the whole list again once completely in order -... it is like a hacker who's joy is in doing something meaningless and purposeless -... the composer poses for a photograph of him turning a nob...he feels like a president on a red phone... the ceiling opens in every room, and an inflated bubble attaches itself, with hoses and pipes pumping colored gases into spaces, common and private – some inert, others, making special sounds emerge from different openings with tongues and lips, which become excited, relaxed, responsive or irritable -... to the gases -... my childhood friend fell through the ice beneath his smelt shack-. No street lights, a dark back road with no traffic at night, there are only houses and a few trailers on the street. In summer the night are cool because there is an inlet from the sea, and it the street itself is on a larger part of a peninsula – sea breeze all the time, sometimes salt smells even when not right on the water – but, unless right on the middle of the peninsula, there is a good chance you can see the water, and deserted with a couple of cold beers, dreaming Hawthorne and Poe, maybe Lovecraft, as a boy saturated with image and sensation and atmosphere -... now Japanese noodle -... young artist tried in these early times in summary he took thick manuscripts of three hundred page poems to parties and public places where many people crowded like in bars with inhibitions lowered, and like so lowered too he passed out pages of this poem(s) and maybe one hundred people or three or three hundred would be asked and would, read aloud these crazed words, and asked when he would walk among them and touch one shoulder, they would recite themselves, an improvised poem of their own life, with the crowded backdrop of his -...and this most natural, and without influence or mimicry of drum, like that... something -... with an instant camera took pictures of people in groups, head and shoulders, quickly after instant developing cut the head and shoulders outlined and taped onto sticks and made each group member into a stick puppet and asked them to act out stories with each other as themselves using the puppets -... and did wander old buildings abandoned on the rocky shoreline with unclear mind and a tape recorder, recoding the wild wind and crashing water while falling through the floor boards -... feeling now and hardly had a memory of that still -...with 2 conditions, one a fixed or solidified setting, a single reference point, an act – and later there, a series of associated acts, in as pie slices on a disk, and rotating loose inside an opaque outer disk, which is the first event or act, the referent -. Multiple pathways ornamental mix and general creation of the star shape or sea urchin of blossoming parts -... the pins. Healed but not cured. General flowering. Documentation of a THING becomes less useful, loss of luster, loss of value of the THING in documentation or represented, is dissolved in explanation, documentation becomes a replacement. The critical article becomes the THING. There should be no safe harbor for the parasitic critical article. So said the orange nob waving translucent in the air above the THING. Where should become to be, out there in the plug in, the socket which implies the knowledge of the THING and knows the need the THING has for another object which it eats -... by the existence and the drive to objectify there will be made, by some virtue, by the drooling down into collected sacks that occupy the laps -... the object of the motivation, made by invention of the drive anew in fresh form, not though, burdened by analysis and critical keys -.The study is the lie. But once committed, to turn away deny the time spent life exhausted from it like I tell composers to abandon instruments and all their composing tools they say I am simple minded -. They defend themselves I receive a death threat from a classical music festival -... they give me the gift of their prized CD with their composition for strings -... I hold back, explaining where are rocks and strings and cultivating first use of an undiscovered sequence with no moving part -...as this is nothing to me now, it is all first hand and all second nature -... and I am annoyed by the blossoming word on the page, and the

blossom of the spilled coffee in the binding of the book -... that is, my book, I mean, the book I wrote. What is holy now, boxed into the solid corner as the corner is a place of no retreat of from the position of can not be backed away further into, that so because it is what forms from the natural order of the one should pull the one from that now, and be the former before, referred to other and what reads. Most the one should lose the need to verify and then push out in statement and the many claim to be made regarding long involvement and the long commitment to the one and single way it took -. Of some old battered one, -...that is what has made the boxed corner so packed tight. It is pleased, to contradict. The nature of it. Yet the corner, packed, too full to open with response – choked. Happily, quietudes of the naked packed corners. And in the fashioned best, the rung slides down the mouth the sack and heavy too, it helps it sink, and even when it's fills with gas, it sinks, so the design. Crackling speakers sound seem to come from a table drawer slightly ajar, is it so, is it projected through a vent elsewhere, or is it radio outside the building filtering through the screen doors and air of the house, or come from loudspeakers on a truck circling the neighboring advertising -...

rrr – mmm.

O – ooo – O – eee – O – ooo,
ooo – eee – ooo – eee, - ooo – eee, -
rrr – mm – ooo – O – rrr – ooo – zzz.

mmm – rrr
ooo – O – eee.
Mmm – zzz – mmm.

The box to save adventures and remote callings, to spend the time allotted in a place devoid of familiar touch pads -.Triumph held in jars with juice. Wear mittens, use in a series, many materials, each an experiment in application -. Eye sockets, allergies, whatever is passing leave the skin -... studies, groping with learning -... joined to face, joined to elbow, joined to back of neck, joined to distillery organs, -... pump-round regulation, regulation, numbered in traditional modes -... turning out in spiral directions, with intentions to involve the passing over of the shared spaces, to claim -... this is the moving of the conventional education to habitate -... in areas of property -. There etching of the plan each day, with estimated periods faded, and hours deepening, with evening time going underneath the layers even making lines into the bone. As read in later times, these tattooed wrinkles both identified and, showed a positive or negative connection to the others of the breed, who shared this affect – and who also, were represented by the pattern over a day, and also, judged sufficiently alike or questionably in variance -... musical, or conceptual, shared rites – marked the place – other markers, dry skin, dandruff, profusion of sweat are still considered as kinds of tests. It is never too late to register, to have the plan inserted into an analysis machine, and lo your fortune told, and, you, to follow it precisely and happily under grave penalty. What is law otherwise for? Descriptions top one hundred thousand pages, just to account for the etchings of the plan -. This has to be considered, both tomorrow and today. We are free to absolutely have to comply with this. Animals subjected to the broadest spreading of the species bull. Often missed in groupings, number irrelevant to threat level, as more to the point is presence level -... side cars, metal paint. Low impacted particles message us through our own nerves network -... many phones, - many nerve calls -...they will fill us -... many activities form around shoveled dirt and manure. Ask loudly ask softly. There are many instances also, of slowly poured liquids. There are many possible arrangements of containers into which many liquids may be poured, and also, many times to choose from. Be free of concentrations- dilute and widen. Free nine tenths of reason. Notches in the circle catch.

Capture -. During emotional flights, slow burnoff. Slow grazing, design. Slow flight, burdening, unhinged wing. Feed fight. Aggress elbows. The railings are made of bamboo sugar cane and femurs. Ropes of hair and corn husks dangle from them two hundred feet into the gorge. Into other holes. Deserted pebble valley. Hooks and wires. Seeing the future hang. Magnesium flashing. Who broke with land in favor of material other alternatives in a row. Reprise. Invisibility. Clumps of sod. Mold, but, cool walls. Conventional conceit. Flight from the tree. The whirl winds. Tie the stick. Tight coil inside of a child's mind (and enclosed in the head part). Consider the average rib cage. What is most unusual about the average spray from a nozzle. Where the future of the brave spirit paddles many boats. At dawn and dusk. Arm's length is unique to each. Trying to escape the shelf, impossible method. Conversations through paper cones. Drinking water. Bath experiment. In the fat regulated mountain. Turned corner, what meant shaped away, what accident had sharpened. As many paths surround as choice than through to most accommodate for comfort. In fraud, it fails. In honesty, desalinated as water, to round the bend then through the valley, it accepts a positive end. No look back glory mark gone. Advance seven feet. Doctors examine stone. Hard to assess. Invisible to assessing, must spend on speculation, margin around a ring some select of continuing outcome per sequenced stage, fiction rolls. How many beauty as symmetric or eccentric resulted, yet. Ugly paintings line hospital walls. Buying assessments. Skill to purchase. Foundations. Clouds. Supplement. Prepared effusions. Responsive in our yard. Low response must elevate imposed the chosen. High response tempered tapered, one let to spike, free. But, predispositions. Lightly in the body spring. The instant the hand was moved from the square box there was an enlightenment befell the tillers of the surface. Old remnant tattered in a fraction discoloring and losing the strength to bind its molecules fell to pieces abruptly. Yet in those punctuations of freedom, there were no allowances for the leisure to create. Force barter and theft made of art a different compensation. Like the illness it portrayed. Elastic let it pull many times and longer. Grace stretched until it snaps. Suspended from elastic should like be in a bouncing sea, with a swinging skill we haven't seen elastic allowing adding resilient with inertia still a friend, depending the up and down the hill, inert, inertia, the wayfaring, the sealed inside and wanting, frost desire grown over wild around its front -. It hadn't paced me, but I finally did to go – victim to transformation, from seasons to minutes. It in a wide angle opening out, not in. Plastic edges, ornamental counterweights. To plunge here who catches. Temple drums tonight. A word I wish a hollow bowl. A key is made of tasks in order.

Monuments of Aurora dominate the horizon. I am sleeping in the village for the first time.

Absorbing means returning. And portions diluted with threads from clothes kept fondly -... of weakness, whistle sounds assault, the earthbound. Some would never undress, for fear of surprise arrivals, and spontaneous evacuations. Sleepy discomfort signaling an illness. North of there were confidence and decisions. Near the lake. Moving down the hill, the exposure is complete, full body. No need ever, go back there. Stab of something, maybe, air at night -. A cemetery stone. A sound on a hill. Approach of a whitecap. To the rocks. Gone out to the post, seclusion addressed. Sounds of gates pull me back. Maxitude. Defamation of precious metals. If lost near the end of the hole, there is no assistance. Conserve energy inclined to spend drawing attention. Longer may be at the end of the hole. Closer is a state of mind. A trickle. Irradiating many fingers. A feeling of great heaviness. Raised up on fingertips. March of many mills. Fountainheads and earth mounds of sawdust. Scenes imagined of the home. Fluctuating room capacities. Like in a dream. Inflating, shrinking, -... stray conjunctions, of accidental and incidental arrivals -... and crossed limbs -... the foreign bodies -... pincushions -... lifestyle -. Born by choice. Swiss by descent. My wife is Han. Taiwanese. Colorful fish from Indonesia. Memories first rice patties ox. Small bites. Sleeping passages. Skin oil from altitude. The scent of several arrangements. In

woven basket. Fruit, dried leaves -...salt in the cement -... tree life, protrusions at rest. Every day achieves some end. By itself. As if a beast. With willfulness. And hope. And interpretation. Burdens blend until all may be forgotten at one time. The floorboards upturn. Walkers step gently but to no avail, there is no silent peace, there is the song sung in every fantasy of a floor, a flapping of wood and the human panic -... the dominant article from the bag found beneath the seat was delivered to an officer at the terminal, who put it in the drawer in front of him. Wire to rods bind in mechanism. Daily activity. Thrust but low yield. Impossible (to pull away) returned back in peripheral range the connector. Glass top beads of glass, taxidermy eyes. Projected, pantomime to see you. Mock sight for fictions. Mock extended vocabulary of animal and human powers to satisfy fantasy desire for controlling the world walked in -. Instruct, release demands. Superpower fantasy adult dreams of weather control, dreams of mind control, of mental travel -. Thought rendering matter helpless, mind like muscle lifting weights, fantasy of the bird boned -... Deteriorated central core traverses exterior contours through the inside but flakes as with the grey ash -... diffuse through long channels little wind, whistle, vibration, bumping atoms together -, -... leaches from the lowest flat end, puddles, dries, is harvested as powder to saturate in a glass and grow the crystals from -. Grinding underneath roughs the bottom and punctures it, releasing there a steady flow (in single drops) that lubricate a field for growing that is INFLUENCED by that -... interested in, from chartered holes -. Load holler from the mountain. Echoes. Then an answer. There is underwater testing. Far away, a thing is humble. It chooses not to identify itself. It uses only reference to otherness to describe, and not selfness. There is binding in the mountain, of holes and wells and caves. Trauma of sand linked to openings. Organized studies reveal. Subject to off center turned over for potato farm. Coagulate for disposal. Easy slide mechanism. Submission to the science of leverage. Denying reason in poetic purposes waiting for the high speed rail to be built, with a pencil and a paper scrap. Folding to dissemination. Will actions. Self satisfaction. Superior delusions. Mundane delusions. The great tomorrow timeline. Operation communications. Sore soiled grass field blade branch leaf root earth granite timber. Shallow ground, stale fluid, tint brown, yellow, wood particles, fungus green. Sun gradations. Surface blistering. Speaking, voice contour trailing, silt shaped. Tomorrow numbness. Small finger. Palm. Significance dilating squid's mouth. Dawning, cooling streaming pump. Day log. Exported symbolic language with hand markings on wrapping paper around objects in internationally shipped packaging. Walnut shell, dried twig, fragments of bark clinging. Dew lens. Clicking knees and clicking elbows. Shovel animal poo, ritual of the shoulder, back, neck, arms cooperating. Message of the demonstration. Angle of the fit, and the dimensions of the shovel. Short handled. Movement preparing for the climb. Time in corners. Saturation words. Where in the buckets, some stick others float free discrete units. Some, sad attachments. Wood floor. Creaking boards. Song. Take my time. Yesterday is now unbending. Boards in the kitchen, the sleep walk, cook a steak, leave the pan. Sleep walk, smell the salt air, return. Sleep walk, write at the kitchen table with the manual Royal typewriter and return. Sleepwalk, find the board that creaks and creaking it all night until morning and normal waking time at dawn – return -. Fit. Enclose. Envelop. Harbor. More blending. Salted saving. Tarnished waited, interruptions for extraneous events. Flowing fields, hands in dirt. Streaming pump lives twice, then neutral. Glowing wart-like shapes. Grinding uniformities. Swaying uniques as the hay. Sanded, costs. Cough. Picture drawn from the descended from the eye over the page, the shadow cast by the heavy brow the emissions of the mouth protesting intake -. Am the vacancy of a large area inside the cheek - the tree branch oozes on the wanderer, thick dry-cold in winter. Dream intensity gauge ranging from opaque block to veil – and of substance from obsidian to lace -. And of memory from acid etch to mist – the counter dial settles then a setting for all. Somewhere bound to a life's work. Bound in tension, binding in confined edges. Binding in commitment to a work as a marriage – resisting abundance of fear imposing without, that would to find their socket, but turn away and seal the port, plug the bilge drain, never, -... wanted the orderly but it is atomized in spray, impossible to re – collect - ... dots and pitted and pock marked – evidenced away -... from there. (...) Blot. Glut.

Blot.

Glut.

Three. In a space for two. Then two for one. One has no place. Crowded out. How much too much. Elegy pump. Fruit mash sawdust. Oil catch. Sleeping waves. Lull. Since childhood. Every story happens. Offering. I is for Invention. In the heat with skin seal. The plot proportion. Thickness. Degree. Subtle sitting. Wind bladder. Narrow wind sock to a jargon. Lost the self in identity. A list of different surfaces for desktops... for writing intervention ... mediation. The nob anciently suspended in layered burial region, terraced up then down, the sides of the valley, otherwise no waste or water hole, all the needs accommodations forming far the other side, in all away regions. Even there away lake expected of away leech in thousands at the night from under shale the darkness lake moon glitter soft waving. Waxy mole deprived, claws for digging. Accommodated twice the one longer refusal. Accommodated bubble. Saw pitch going. Twice soft wings short but fast beating. Saw pitch, glissando. Strains high elbow to leg tension parallel the voice...what then happens in the boards that make the walls, who friendly the corridor in childhoods and early engraving, the abandoned forest house and rock foundation, some rusted barrels -... what, that. Murdered down nines the middle. It is one of nine and far. Where to go but far. Bluing. What had it stopped, the love of steel. If the one should sicken. The counting. The countryside mix fading weathered. Softened edge, contrasts indistinct. Participatory flying from the next day, practices. To mold then molt. Masked. Then peeled, then painted. Then armed with proposals. Then compared to later in the noon. Then joined with cousin. Then qualified. Then employed to operate conveyance. Then to do, transmitting. In conveyance. Mapping a closed figure on a scrap of paper. Outline. Topology. As if a spill. But well design, line. Repeated blindly. To make convention. Establish over. Breaking evenly, reuse. Each part branching separately in the asymmetry, re breaking into even parts to start equally with false assumption. Hopeful glazing, see for skidding. Evaluating earnestly the plan and features spaced across the body in the location where people grow. Where am to have gone one day, that moved too fast and shorted out. Continuous gesture. Distraction. Movement laden. Balloon attention to the patch. I as wander from the identifier. Cold in bright sunshine. This then that as nowhere to complain. Achievement wide blossoming. Now is now. Beginning point of first the boil. Haven't used, the catalyst added now. Shun carved rut. Removed but waiting replacement. Stand the hallway. Observe, the march, the way the limbs, photographic sequence -... use of suspension. One line, unbroken. Vague terms impractical vocabulary. Should walk in straight lines, should happen this while that side approving will attach. Mild predication. Swamp gas. Formal in the background, heaps. Sight inspiring eyewhite. So was it there without reason. Bale with waterline sentiment. Window glass stained murky. Soldiers compete to possess books from occupied libraries. Two fight over A Sacred History of the Earth. Long terming, casks in wine cellars. Nine miles had been gone down from, that place. Holding pliers, to pull whatever stops it. White cabinet, wash. Magical correction transgression, path of light restored. Descended offshoot of the peninsula where it was born -. On its way to the sea -... and, its phantom double -... lurking out behind the country barns -... its spying eyes for land -... airborne oils - ...trailed, and tailed, and washed and presented -... outside the picture what is seen, still it continues, in the effort to create the thing, even as it does, unseen -... proportions disappearing so that, every manifested is a scaled from some direction. It has, from a shoulder to a head, been rubbed and shined a seat or arm's length soothing loved for touch, taken down to nothing but the thinnest echo. Where works its way into angled places, holes and inner dens and worm sanctums, they are forming as the binding boneless matter holding us at joints, and fabricated from it will be the ribs of the future cage. Solidly, amusement, but the future map. Who should all, but wind and spindle? In the rope, the twist held by the knot. Foreword before chisel. Dried maxim. On the metal roof. Overgrazing leaves it like a pit.

The element is found. Name it after self. Casting is, in our dimming of the room siding the quest, seeding the furrows, wooden movement, stiff, passing in close sweeps, long attention. Haven't had, so made -. So wide, overall the common seating place us. As a thing, sided. The tomorrow was sized for three gears -. It was as that, for advancing while unrented, and the three toothed wheels, joined as massive coliseum caves been poured full of lava and then popped from earth as baked goods – would then pushed into a three relation -. Birds, butterfly, vacant, private. Wind blow of the trees, the razor branches cut it, without a ragged edge. Smooth you don't feel as it passes through each separated layer -... the rose of the arm, sunburned. Adopted smooth patched, clothing on. Glowworm. Hanging from a thread. One thousand more glowworm, inside the entrance to a cool aired cave, Kentucky night. Rocking chair, stagnant pool. Moth, Luna. Trash barrel drummer, party mix it drinks. Chewing through the screen. Rust stained lips. Stretched (them out) pin together -. Virgins. Mild differences, regional. Making compared, time consumptions, rolled over, fat cushion, luxury. Train passes, lights inside cross the hillside radiating, even speed, animated. Waited to be in watching, waiting to be in listening, waited to wait, while waiting, to smell salt in the air and feel skin moisture or dry -... flakes, scabbing because scratch the itching, dry skin -...yield drying to fruit. Yield, to fat layers boiled. Experiment to operations to remove letters from the words. Cooled dew drops. Slowly form fitting, glassy contractions. Stubble back packed into pores -... alive aloft. Hand contained in box. Scuttling fingers, knobby. Seek to burrow. A saw, a blade for grass, a spinning wire for modern times -... cuts but also records its own sound -... to pose the place of pictures where the control of phrases and the sounds of fashioned history have been lost, and clad in nylon fishing thread of garments, is remade to fit the most, and up against the other not to recollect -. Silk walled. Blush – blink one hundred thousand times -... elbows thicken and wax, forearms rash, -... what was -. Red ribbon. Chopped through soaking leaves, a specialized net for visioning the future. Am, the special conditions, added to and relieved. Mated with a machine. She had worn the lubricated salt mittens. Striped fish, what has it. The minnow. The bass. Stomach pressure holding, pastime, vocation, steam. Slowly but fully. How complete rapid transfer. Test, practice exchange - , transferable, expected slide as down a rope .Orange light, round swell. Holies have me sent, follow on the leash the bouncing ball. Arches, flying buttresses on the prefabricated corrugated metal shed. Birds fly the open countryside. Lifelong slits in the cement ways, high-rise. Weight, the broken shoulder blade the truck filled tires blow out melted in the summer, their piled collected worth. Escape give sane cause bad moment. Planned pacing, up the leafy road, the gate blockade, to flee by sea. You keep the laborer, for one more day the company, they broken having breaking parts, but should they listen, to the dreamer planned to best. Sail sent, the wind pearled row hand gift – white lips -...seen again, parted stilled, shade -. Looked it. Relayed brown warm, fizz gas release through liquid, -... flashing, to see a person who fell -... from the floor vest and jacket. The empty field needs paper released. Mammals in the water. Red light full beams. Leather collar. Lace curtain. Tested blood sample. In said. Done iced over top. Blinding light beneath the door. Eyes rolled out on a scroll. Sold bark for medicine. They the many ands held down, for twelve hours until the gravity supplied to all and every point pulled down and wholly to the end.

When it passed, it left behind a mark.
It was as a question had been posed.

A point or black ball- varying in size, but, round- and- black. The circle suggests that there is an even collapse from all directions, with equal force attracting to a center, or, pushing from the broad and surrounding exterior. There has been a first act or movement- of- concentration that made this- in this way. Now, there is residual affect after the formation- these affects may include a curiosity attraction- that- pull to- but- do not become absorbed- as they do not come EVENLY- they come to sides, to edges,

in random places- to the full form- but, there is no general pull or push- so, after an even creation, there is a greater diverse possibility, and a possibility of sparse form, distinction by space- and separation- which does not exist in the concentration, the compressed form of the black ball-. There is also possibility of vicinity- the ball may itself move now, freely perhaps, through the surrounding stasis and equilibrium it has generated through the first act. The first act, of compression, and, generation- is simple- it is uniform, and there are no complex relationships- everything is forced to- or is pulled to- a point- a balance of attraction of repulsion occurs "equilibrium" of force- so that small, large, masses and volumes are compressed equally, with an equivalent force- from all direction- this occurs SIMPLY, because there is a balancing effect generated by abundance, (and overabundance- overpopulation of broad occurrence) and by vacuum, as abundance and vacuums occur- so, force is employed by circumstance, as the physical dynamic of material, circumstance, and action dictates- by its physics, in a natural way- force goes to where it is not. It is sustained as long as there is no equilibrium- it is activated by imbalance- simple concentration- **complexity** occurs in its wake. It results additionally to curiosity attraction- which has to do with newness of such a concentration from an unevenly spread field- curiosity—there are other factors- "resonant inertia"- this is an effect that is like memory- physical memory, and mind memory in beings- it is not based on a physical reenactment of an act or event, but, is generated as a score or plan AFTER THE FACT as in a documentary object- but- this object- can only be read as a supernatural trace- of a past- and may exhibit signs of loneliness- due to the trauma of exclusion. The loneliness- exhibits itself- in materials, and things as much as beings- let us not struggle to make that distinction- loneliness- is a behavior that dictates self diminishment, or, expansiveness, exploratory, outgoing behaviors, as well as digressive behaviors- as a result of boredom- to generate- to recapture that creation- through imitation of sorts- a thread may desire to become compressed into this ball- and search for inways- and, linger about it- as if waiting for an invitation- and- power attracts in its own way, not gravitation or magnetic in physic, as this is gone after equilibrium has been reached- force having found its even distribution of itself- like these words, this struggle to description- is such a malingering- a hanging on- to an initial explanation that could be sufficient- but, not sufficient for the words that wish to follow- it is the same sense in one of the senses of the things that direct themselves toward a black ball concentration- as, there is no longer the first force- it has been absorbed into the density of the black ball, and, sustains it there- indefinitely- in a solid, immovable, stable state. It does not move in space, as objects that might or might not be in continuous movement, inward or outward, in "empty" space- in the universe- it is fixed and solid and in place in space in the same way as it is on the piece of paper on which it is drawn and described visually- it is not hypothetical, it is real- at my insistence, with my belief and faith and hope- it is fixed by that power, of a dogmatic will. Everything has stopped at the ball - and after its generation, all resumes, around it. Gravity after the formation of the black ball does not come into play. It has through equal forces (adjusted, to inequality, and irregular need for variable force) in unequal surrounding (the demand of variable force desiring force to regain its own balance, stasis, and even distribution) regaining a uniform equilibrium first to the black ball (as a composite of the loose and the irregular, and, the gravitational individual, and, compounded), after formation through the attraction of force to an uneven state of environment- and the compulsion of those things, to be moved, by irregular occupancy of space, and by availability of a solution involving their own loss of selfhood as individuals and small, compounded groups, and, through the manifestation of LONELINESS as a motivational power of what I might call "willing-it-to-be."

So, what of these forms that come, if not by gravitation of the black ball, to see, to be curious, to desire from their loneliness- to be as this ball composite- they circle it, the caress it- they dance and behave certain ways for it, trying to find a path, or a way- to be of it- but not finding it- they, still of a gravitational nature- are attracted by other forces than, not gravitation- as the black ball emits none-

and, is unresponsive to their attempts at seduction through their gravitation- so- they dance and perform- this second act in the wake of the black ball- by the matters excluded from the circumstance of the achievement of equilibrium and balance, and by the unfortunate fact of their -first-come-first-serve- and “order of urgency” by which forces took from the vicinity until stasis was reached- and, no more- as, the force was absorbed in this, as consistent with its own search for economy and balance- for purposes of the environment, the force is gone- it is now fixed, permanent, frozen and in one place, and, as it does not move or influence, it is no longer force- it sustains, but, much as a spirit- as memory of an act. Then, the meandering elements, that search and dance and move- will gravitate, as they do- and, while striving to achieve a fixed association with the black ball, will be with some eventuality undetermined, by generating a force- massed- of LONELINESS, and, then, they too will find themselves in a space which has reach a great disparity of occupancy, and this force of LONELINESS will push or pull into another black ball- with the same results.

Beyond this, there is speculation beyond mine- available- like this attractive and stasis and generation of density in gravitational stasis- like this- speculation- as to what might occur- with the evolution of these multiple black balls- that, if repeated there may be a massive singular accumulation in the future- of performing- as performance- (to remind, that, this is a scoration and graphic plan based principle at its heart) but- I think such an accumulation is unlikely with reason- these black balls lack gravity- they no longer exist in terms of their environment- so- they will occur and be “made” as the environmental occupancy and LONELINESS conditions prevail- but- there is no force to move them, as, there is no imbalance- once formed- because- IT IS NO LONGER THEIR PROBLEM!

Because of its absolute fixedness, its stillness- can we say that the black ball is in some way a death of all of its parts, and, itself dead? I think that death is the wrong word, though the concept may be in some ways close in our common understanding. The black ball is no more alive than it is dead- and it does not change- while death, as a thing dead- is subject certainly to change- to decomposition, to erosion of its characteristic natures. The black ball is the achievement of the striving for absolute value- performed by a physics of occupancy and attraction by the force of LONELINESS across spaces- the striving to be unified while governed by incomplete natures- the black ball is that achievement, as is the end point of Glancing at the Sun/ Light- it want to be all things, and one- unified- from a position of incompleteness- of, LONELINESS- and, the black ball- is the extinguishing of LONELINESS above all else. The contained, the composite of it has reached this state- which does not exclude the same for others- they may achieve this state too- but, among others, and not those that have become a part of a previous composite- they must find their own- through the course of the search, which draws them into compressed areas and densities of those others, attracted to the black ball for their purposes- but- it is not within control of these components- when and how this composite will be achieved- it is through the accumulated generation of the force of LONELINESS, and a sufficient density of these components that the spontaneous release of that force is made- and, a certain recognized activity, of movement that is characteristic of the search, of a particular kind of natures- that the physic “recognizes” and which stimulate the spontaneous generation of the event of the push or the pull to this compressed state of reestablished equilibrium. While Glancing at the Sun/ Light is of a personal natures with beings, there is also a physic to it- to the forces and motivations involved- that are not complex compulsions as are the metaphorical model which is convenient for us to think in terms of, because, the rise to light is in so many ways a human driving, while there is not a comparison in terms of motivation between the push or pull toward the formation of a black ball, and, death, for instance. The drive to unity is not why beings are compelled toward death- it is dissatisfaction, and pain- while I distinguish LONELINESS from such pain or dissatisfaction- LONELINESS is a physic state that is descriptive of matter and circumstance, and a force that acts in spatial densities- and- faith, belief, and hope- that its fixity is

real- and, encompassed in an envelope of believing- from an overseeing position- that of the artist, in a research of performance art cosmology- is what keeps this condition of the black ball permanent-.The belief that what appears to be a mind invention, and an abstract construct for purposes of guiding action- is in fact a physical existence of and an exhibition of power and force- and fixed matter- that is not subject to change in time, or does not need to move to be, is the proof of its existence- the power of a strong will with belief, and a field in which to develop and realize terms and values that is free from convention and received systems of previous, accepted fact- this is the basis of the physic that allows absolute values to exist outside of time and change, and relativity. There is nothing relative in the black ball. It is unto itself, and there is no better point from which to observe apart from it. Things become subject to the consequences of the field imbalance. Imbalance is caused by change, by movement, by conditions that involve the gravitational qualities of actions and things that act- gravity of things and acts is not even- it is odd, and on its own attempts to adjust continuously- but- this act leaves holes where previously something or some act was- filling one hole merely makes another from the relocation of its stopper.

An odd paradox will be that the drive to notate, to score, to graphically plan- for the iteration and manifestation of the black ball is much as the activities that come before the generation of occupancy values which cause the forces to take their notice- the search- for the means to use the black ball as a performance art generator is then like a kind of conjuring. It is willing the tendencies of imbalance to impact- by mimicking behavior, though it may be indirect, and, not an intentional mimicry. Yet, the force of LONELINESS is indiscriminating of the form in which the conditions for its activation take- it is only interested in a specific kind of occupancy density and the behaviors that make it- as the sign of a state or threshold that is being reached- that will cause the force to be released again- .

Tomorrow will be the first day without.
Today should be used up.

The
it was enough
duck egg, salt
sound of a small motor
cautious smiling
I
is for invention
loose mixed rocks
in the scooped up handful
to be seen
enough to be held
contents taken
all the lumps
assumed to question
where begun
the greatest
earth
and each I hear it
claims

some master place
with fattened
spreading for the chest
inclined as steep along the hill
to follow in the gravity
to the holding each
a clock
to match
a way
a wave
as many
of the things
that may be
timed
that time
away

modified
the gesture, that hand
the fingers are
too thin, then
is it aesthetic and
a surgery
a lying as a plan
intention under
neath the thinnest
strip of skin
of painful shaving bone
to mock appearance
of nature
just
to form
a lying trust
what would
someone
cut
and how
much
cut
enough

who have studied gesture
in the hand
who is thin too much
and added to the jaw
and sculpted
middles
to attract

the upper lower ends
and too the eye
to not then
settle in
one
place but
shift and soon
forget
so last
and lost
impression starts
it clean
each
intro
duction
parts that
improvised
would eat the dead,
would stand up on a step
and shout, who might
complain, of you,
in voices loud
three from one mouth
ones
exuding calls
and wallowed
tones
they had it, said they
but
they hadn't had enough
to have
beating peaceful in the night
the gecko
silver
in the farm field

Creatures move in unison.

They have multiplications of their heart rate.

Things promised, rested in a room. Rippling mumbling. Mumbling in breaking waves. Flow charts showing mumbling. Irregular uncountable numbered shapes, to size limited number to fit in a hand, countable one hundred between one hundred and fifty, white crumbly hard. Loaded into containers available. Make a hand gesture to show the hand with shapes held/ fit into it, or to show overabundance of the shapes, overflowing from the hand. Countable relatives and blood relations. Pleasure for sleeping, aggression of waking, push off as from a board in the water, from the dreaming. Nothing to assist, it should happen by any means. Who guided by a railing. Steep cement stair. Soft mass. Of the add on parts. Change in one half of generation. Fake loss. Commence gaining. Even opposing

impressions. Our bitter oppression assault. Standing changes values with a sitting project. Meter dialed on a gauge and adjusting each line to it -. Made, pygmy solutions to confidence and reproductive replacement guidelines. Occupancy first, temporary reduction of commitment allowance of free temporary choosing and self representation before relapse to subjugated, through reentry ritual and ceremony, passage cloth and coverings, submission rite, disappearance of outlines, first hollow wire air before departure and reposing of that instigation in the stack of instigators, separated by the shift location in the time and location -. It is the statement, it is here, with these fingers pressing down. The different argument in the body for many distinct change of, and being only in an exterior pattern, field event in a wider setting. The target one self that moving, not in denying, it runs through and pours down, its incentive forces it upward after that to high point, let to go falling power use earth pull again until next incentive. The single thing distinguished through naming it flows through into and out-through doorways and blockades. Impressing upon, subtle influential not by stamp but making current. Of its directives. Pork rice driving the morning, full bottle cold black tea, fuel remotes. Storylines retreat to art spaces. Suck into common day. Changed, from day to day, familiars would not recognize – no explanation. Should will and can. If but then than when if why than how then than what. Lower railings gradually, bend over slowly slowly walking holding onto the descending raining on a level path -. Boxed many bottled many, divided and wrapped many. Attached together many, bundled many. Size revealer and warm or cold locator. Sealed. Sampled. Upside sour source. Every loose thing being tested for movement range, every test -... possible test source, possible future position ghost draw broken line suggest alternative position or story, change -... depression testing, shallow or sunken, -... a false continue. Drama scene from cabinet. Blue vein. Blue flower. Amniotic fluid curves, in the preborn space that the future will occupy for the mammal. A brick building is painted white, except for surfacing of cement in some areas, onto which faux red bricks are painted. Coasting for seven miles on wheels made from eel bodies, there were fish skins drying on branches. The mouth pieces wait for insertion along the line of mouths. Eye lens are grown in large flat bowls – they are the size of a pizza and could fit over a giants eye – they flap over a human head like a collapsed umbrella –Dumpling stuffed with everything; pork, trident missile parts, fighter jet upgrades -. Stamping with a repeated mark. Even to distinguish two things, the same marking. The sun's patterns of shadow and light over things, strength and position. Tools designed to use preexisting and predictable returns. Rolling nuance. Breakdown of the too many parts. Cascade of interdependence and failure. Serial of the stems (before the bud.) Weed the bitter milk. Seven sisters converge on a mountain ledge. They await the presence of an author to motivate them. They (is) as the (s) one removed from all things chosen, froze on the plain and method proceeding. Forwarding a back movement when far, the known revitalized, nearby, familiar should grow extreme. Scraping metal, brakes, pans. Word fragments, three language shared phonemes. Steep grade, wood block steps, stone, view over, mountains, shards three, one eagle circles. Old tractor tires, exercise rings. Wheelchair, wooden, easy-chair, cushion, electric motor, stepping wheels, stair climber. A deer tick throws up Lyme disease, a chicken tries to vomit after its head is severed. Raised hand sign, broad meaning attention use of fingers assorted for detailed instruction, lowered hand look to for secretive instruction. Forward communication through a middle, who hears or reads, retains, transmits as own. Squares with cracks between. Manufacture and crafted. Imperfection reintroduced. Control synthetic error. Give leave to expression. Quiet now. Rotate saints out of the canon. Go. Fuzzy, blurry. Silence. Far away cat. Force of invisibility. Force of the disembodied. And the drastic feelers caressing a torso, the torso, one torso. Allow by the force of ownership. Owning time, owning by rental. Barter, trade. Owning by owing. The snake farmer does not own the cobra. The snake farmer does not own the cobra.

- . The snake farmer does not own the cobra.
- . The snake farmer does not own the cobra.
- . The snake farmer does not own the cobra.
- . The snake farmer does not own the cobra.

[illegible]

- . The snake farmer does not own the cobra.
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- . The snake farmer does not own the cobra.
- . The snake farmer does not own the cobra.
- . The snake farmer does not own the cobra.

Special emphasis. And a lie is alive on a separate ring surrounded by true rings around the thing. The hunt is without purpose. Should try to imagine a reason for a course of action. Must access the thing to this. The bull rises. No picture plan.

The thin needles hurt later.

There is one center for restful thought.

I is the unidentified presence. Way, direction. Way, curse, remorse. Precision deflected sound. Distraction. Diversion. Redirect, lost tail. Approach the head. Drop away from the main. Achieves a recess. Know where to catch it. Study dawn study daybreak study dusk study sunset. Beat the task. Channel for aloning. Entry posts two turrets, both spraying welcome. Cool debris. High piles. Ash grey scale pigments. Arrived to none. Fanfare departure. Smoke stained. Animal with no voice. Perfection. History mute.

Is confused, to stop or start. Alone with eyes. From pushing, it starts. From pain comes relief. Whither is made, the voice is rose. Blocked into an invisible space around the one. Silent as muffin texture, dense as pillow air -. See removal. Quiet suction. Still, settling into permanent gravity relation. Deflated tire sound. Over small stones. Needs away. Juncture. Is the light on. Is the light off. Is there light, is there not light. Floor wall ceiling. Covered. Now melted. Remaining, replacing. Duplicates. Overcome by words reading. Cloud words. Vapor words, choking words, gas. Later words. Thrown. Fault words. Nothing have these. Protection. Alarm the opening. Proceed, shackled. Compressed moving to a flurry, the sudden blizzard. Wait want. Operated vigor. The constant spike, interruption. Cough in breathing. Easier by one day. Rattle, plates. Air punctures. Producing in the conflict of isolation. Father's nose, broken three times. Grandfather. And the fourth. The dimpled line. Indicative of some kind of optimism. Leave the first part off. Of the sentence. Cut down. What the torment was. Alders. Subjugated, dominated in a toggle. Drive through it. Emulsifier. Hard boned. Should to. Who to carry. Where comes the water. Retreating with the pollen. Field floats white. Every single thing like a drop of milk. Words like telegraphed. Low vines, thorns. The snake farmer does not own the cobra. Hot outlined events emerge from a background, no color, tone, sparkles. One guiding. Pulled apart, anything that could be separated. Opening up and closing. Professing assessing. Recapitulating redress of regressions. Rewanting. Unresting. Far flax. Creation, string so narrow to the cut. Wash the nine times before the rinse. Sack wind. Mulch cloud from the chicken pile. Clear case scenario encapsulated in the rubber envelop, before, the after, the side, super sensed. Into the preferred abyss. Slotted with a shallow nick for the nine washes. It falls, the smoke reveals (projected onto it) where air would fail. The many things announce the hours of the day and night. There is an old experiment. That nothing is advanced identifies the broad disinterest. Identifying marks diplomas for the we. Is of the many daisy chained of one. Line mark avalanche. That, how forwards. How frost occurs, how dew. How morning sickness, how cotton mouth and cramps. Phlegm. Floaters. How blasts of coordinated skills, how tripping into the splitter. How measures for sport, how replacing knees with donor pig. Preconceived conditions. For period of bells. That there is prophecy and lunacy at daybreak. Be attentive. Wash. That there are buzzers. And warning signs on yellow paint. Short for worry. Have had to travel, long wires. Being current. Delayed. Master

tripods, kept from spinning. Oriented to the group, two pointing up, in confidence. The third declined. This is hosts the meaning. Loved that come from sequential evenly weighted cylinders transparent to the special lens. So to prepare. What comes. To what waits. Anticipating even unimagined. It fills a valley equivalent to the cheese barrel, twice. Unique stranger woman's flower. Held the yellow to the chin and acted out in shades a silent film. Unlike, detail selects its viewer, nothing most attractive to the most. Squads, teams adjourn in cup shaped holds. To evacuate the distant parts. Back to forth. Trunk to contents. Sleep waking. Tired in the chin to rest it on the chest. Two to introduce. Scratches for the bandages. Hold forty two objects in an onion bag. Who should choose. Others dangle in a stream. Packing so perfect placements, hinges and latches. Let, to run down these. On sailor's hooks. How is the doorway fluorescing. How are the lips not moving. Who understands how to lock the gate. Sulfur smell, red bits something stuck to the grill. Curling evaporated iodine. Something less than all, identifying. One metal bar, inserted in each side. Picked at. (where it comes out) cultivated. Sand bar in the sea, walk what seems forever, wading in the lake, hip boots in the cool deep part of the brook. Brown humus three feet down, stirred and leeches. What is asked, what is demanded. Bites and crazy blossoms on the skin. Freeing filaments. Melted or fused sources, elements. Combine for future creation myths. Assisted, new release valves. Stand and man, nine year days. Flat placed weeding. Honor as reward. Run back memories, sick water wells poison, spill dirt, supply. Unmemory, the bad for dreams. Unchallenge. Return the bad oath. Flavors, 2 ton dirt. Insinuating, thin beaks. Last things grow. And.

If it was not before it was after. And.

Next Ness.

Linked by vacuums
Blocks defined
As if a string that is wet
Or a string that is on fire
Vacuums set them in a yellow field
Which starts and ends
Without introduction or exit
As I am when I cross another life
As you or they are to another
Or the next imperfect in jagged rows
Spit or salt and sober smiles and drunkard
Tears
Compelled by black smoke from a stained
Cloth soaked beneath a
Board and burning now, and
Soot from melted glass imperfect
And, the coins that turn to air
Looked and looking through window frames
Cobbled from the stuff at dumps and
Dark robed men in rubber masks
Confess all love
To slight maidens, and others with
Their wide girthed hips for planting—
Proclaim virtues due, and promise,
Ever allegiance —

Driving bolt goes through the rims
And holds the number image thoughts
From dreams, and turns them
As the bolt rotates in places, exposes
Every picture
Side over the lens
So, burrows in the ground to bury wealth,
So burrows to hide the self
So, flies into the air with nothing
So flings the self into a thousand strands at once
Preaching of the preaching, of diverted
Attention from the fact of generation, the perfect
Imbalance of a moving pencil line, and the desire to
Eat when hungry, but, without condition or a bargain
For a meal, resist the preaching of the preachings, as
It comes from many sides and pulls until it
Threatens pulling one apart, but for the steel of
Creation and mind generation that lends itself
To no one else but its birther at each
Point from which it comes into the matter world.
Many dreams, of clocks and snakes, and many people of the world
In rooms and narrow spaces of transit
,,,the ceiling is low, and it almost presses us down...
Release time and something is moving like a soldier
With a stick (and silver hat, and high black boots)
Waiting like at the spectacle marching near the
Monument father Lincoln father chek, father father
In your black Sunday gown can you even see now
How far your seed is flung - out and
In and back around,... the pipes, the pipes are
Creaking...yellow pudding, black pudding
Burnt nuts, brown resin... sharp penetration
Of sulfur... sleep that is thin and melted..
Longest pin, to bolt through the earth---Greatest
Water, to wash away the flood
Alarmist
To spread alarm, wet paper, stiffness, warmth
The curve of the spine and ripple, on the surface
Skin... ants and quail eggs and mosquitoes...
The benefit of something rolled into a corner...
Hands sting, so you wipe your eyes...
3 exemplifies a permanent and
Eternal imbalance and an asymmetry of
Elemental components – the irregularity of the
3, or, the lopsided figure, or, the off centered
Weight or, the suggestion of continuance of something desiring
Parity, that adds to, but always misses its
Mark, the one eyed archer, the carpenter who

Swings the hammer back and buries the claw
Into his own head, then swings it forward
And smashes his thumb, the 3 is the
Fertile egg. The 3 generation shows
A stuttering construction, and excuses the
Traditional concept of beauty and the meaning of
Content, and traditions of classical style
And lettering in the applied arts...
An open port window with pins come
Through the sides, so that is the way
For merging to forever- so, do not wait
Too long but go – I advise that this is how
Oh sleep but not too long-
Studs on the wheel click the hinge
One way then the other, two positions
Tomorrow one today another
Advance than stay to wait, advance- ...etc.
The massing air inside a mouth, and
Chromatic flurries
Blur me
Outside remembering the
Heaviness of rain
And thickness of the night
And warm wet.
And, the cool on my hand
Of the painted cement wall
And orange floor tile
And in this, to feel her close to me,
Where together
Hammer rain
Thickness, thunder, 101...
Light. Burns white banks above below
Light burns air froze skin here
White burns even white
I wait for the place of dark there
Wait, hang here like a bait
For cold and, light
And catch it even
I would linger from a dream in
Far, the strain in air
I always ask to stay with me
With all the other things
And past
That build me up
A wooden bin was coated inside out
With oil and a pitch to seal the cracks
And grain, and then was filled with
Flower's fumes. An elder in a frock

Who had lay a path with soot
Filled holy pockets followed
Back his way while dragging in behind
The fragrant box- which cushioned
By a set of sixty spring coils carved
From rubber trees as latex
Boil through skins, in forest
Fires they had waited for, to give
Them those, the container bounced a
Little bit, but not too much, and all the
Smell inside was peaceful and completely
Unaware that it was on the move.
It was delivered to a hollow pile of stone on top of which a roof of
Bamboo lattice bound with frog tongues
Sat, and kept anticipated contents dry, in
Memory plans implanted in the lava rock
To give the earth crust on the upside reason
To remain. And this was how the land on
Which they stood was formed, as answer to the chemical
Inquiry of a prayer. a plume of feathers
In a bush of a bundle, it is hardened
By a dirty mist, horizon I can
See it pulls away beyond mu sight,
And in this setting, she has brought to me how I can see again, with eye
Of long my childhood but untouched
By failures of the child,--- she
Brings herself to me, and my self is reborn.
Was drifting necessity
Was drifting measure
Was drifting, markers made
Of colorful paint and dried and peeled
As chips, to be had and put on
Rotation of display, some one day,
Some another, strung on a string
Above the open door-
One pot filled with powders
Has a feeling for another, marked
With waters- a professor's teaching
Ran out, like water pressure, or hot
Water- and, the pump removed, the
Sun gone down-, the water in the metal
Drum up on the roof-
Vapor rises, steam takes many ones
Away, on train- a bell is ringing, water
Truck arrives- bring out the buckets or the
Drums.
When conditions couldn't link
Desire need to spirit, fissures formed as spider cracks,

And tangent thought, scattered proclamations and
Speculation in an open air would settle as a dust
And rain would carry this to fill the gaps as
Quickly as they formed, but with this sediment,
Of static, unconnected points of matter... not
As like a bridge might better cross the true and clear divides-... but a weakening-
That shorten time, and shorten the lives of
Plans – enough to undo greatness- though,
For nextness, more would be lost still –
Nextness, realizing hope is solid too, and faith, and
How with special gears, times is neither friendly
Nor, hostile, but more an inconsequential thing, a lump
So light like ball of lint, to bear, to sweep,
Aside as if it were to offend- as often, sometimes,
It will try... it would try, it tried, but
Wasn't able, and it was swept aside, many, many times
And we have won, that nothing separates what
Belongs, nothing, can pull, apart.
Low systemic like two other words
And others more
To ride a poem or clump of moss of sounds
They come out a mouth emerge and enter back
Many sounds, that other does
A back and forth
Who in a car emerges to a write
Remembering the miracle of seed and longings
Lost and found, and emerging,
And other ones, of low systemic ...
Wide words of paper, talking out them pulls
Them long extending influence across
A plastic skin 9that is seen through as invisible man or cross section in
glass plates) seasoned setting becomes
no longer wet, but still a chalk-like
odor lingers on the fingertip touch,
as like a fragrance from a woman's neck
will linger in your hair
...
Rain sticks yellow, thin
Shivers cold when they fall two when red three when she says
Don't pull out
Cover the mouth while speaking, turn away to listen...-.
Grind select direction
Cymbal crash,
Vapor, forgiving
Then taking-.
The water hole, the sink pot,
The study of folding, study of preserving, vertical paper, vertical sheets of canvas, rolled weighted
Impressed, wax- long breath short walk short

Breath long walk, the wait shallow and deep.
A filament, a shape that works a wedge
Sa window and a framing
And a raised position,
Under over, on
Additional, to someone there to see,
A shape is organized.
Twelve grips are holding air and putting it in a rubber drum.
The eye could take the number in without the counting.
A hole, and three more formed along the left flank of the synthetic body standing in a line with more.
Holding a string for hours,
There was nothing tied and
Only light as cotton... became aware
Of arms own weight- and pull upon
A tiny twine, and coughing once from cold
Air (fills the lungs and burns) approaching
Picture will start imaginings as an engine
Turns a crack. Tripping falls the unit, but
The arm adjusts and holds the string just as before.
3 begins to count as 2, that is,
Beginning of a count and starting on the second one. The first then holds the place
For 2 and 3.
Fail to show, but quietly to look,
And see and smell- revealing and display
Downplaying or transparent wireframe, or shape of plastic skin- that
Seems so frail, but holds its form
As if the pressure of the air is balanced in and out.
I am studying, without my senses. I am waiting
To begin, though I am started, feeling indwelt with my distant other,
While the absence is filling my frame and
While the body hibernates until embraced.
Obstruction- move around or in backward-
Direction half a circulation
Then to pump back out and wipe...
I felt my way along the wall
And then on through the opening that led
Away. There, a straight---walk to the
Crater's edge and looking for reflections
Of the sky inside its lake.

Word words to describe, to mix and make of them is like a chronic itch. I am apart, the wedge between myself and all other experience. Half in black by day and night reverses me in light- two places one home have, my part is turning as I am and always one half gone around-the muscles flex to jump to lose to gain the half- the pull of magnets, us, etc. (oceans law and guidances) how thick space is, on monkey mountain, they were grooming, front to back, both sides, one to one. Slow study until correction occurs as reason, informed, correction-. ..in greased or oiled matter, the feet on boards, the eyes to close, a smell to fill the nose and speckled blindness, the white stream dots as squeeze the lids, saved small insect shells to sprinkle in a line to follow by the crunching sound they make beneath the shoes...

Congeaing on their ends, the wires hum, releases force the steady, even churning,- conceal too many things - .

Will dip something, will drop something, will
Touch the ground with something-. Will clearly wait through cold and warm until there is
Some breath for these good lungs- and there its something I can hold like memory, or stick or stone.
Directions of our tongues, our lips, and necks and talking fingers, fill us with a never set of knowns,
And narrow our wonders,
To a concentrated list of mechanical
Miracles...

Time delays occur through vibrating collected solids
Distinct me from myself I was only yesterday
Deviation drives a new engine, swallowing is enhanced like a ----- and small fish are
Packed in cans, factory work is made simpler and more direct relationships more direct than before,
sealed between worker and production in binding pacts - .

The dots on the page
Everyone should try
To feel how deep the ink is
How dark
How wide, and how shaped
And where
In that field it is found in
How near to borders so, how near
That universe edge
What was that
While attention was drawn away
Something else happened
Behind or away
Now, expect it
It might be in the air
Or along the ground
Appearing like threads or
Thin wire, maybe, in a tangle of many
And others, together making squares and other shapes, that try to stay
In shadows cast by
Upright things...
First make mental notes, of shadows cast by upright things. This is where they are like fish beneath a log.
3 harmonies,

They are all trying to

Shake each other

And some will stop

Each will lead each

Will follow each is

Dominating in the 3

And they are following

Across the other 2

As if a rope, pulled

Tight one trips 2

Then trades place.

3 harmonies are set on
Trying too hard to shake
And stay in turn but
The 3 are not sure
Which is doing what it which time-...
Which is lead and not a
Harmony which is harmonizing
Who chases who invades who evades
Who chooses what if it is not
Vocalized and it is all inside
Each of the 3 heads-
Who, which breaks the silence rules
And opens the mouth and sounds ---
Vaclav's Workshop, distended room, contracted room, concentrated room, vacuum points in where the
lives
Attempts to move and throw
Frozen skin aside, and fuzzy knuckles, holding tight to original tools-
Dreams drawn And quartered-.
Trail stumble stone,
Weakened and slippery as the walker trips-
The heat desert wet stones dry air
Science
God
Strangeness
Manipulation wires move sticks...
Wire raise sticks like in
Invisibility
Water wets trail stones,
Womanly figures mirage, swims water,
Straining trying to slacken tense muscles
Flow water ditch
Strange god with clawed wings,
Arranged
As on a glass table
Blended to what can be seen through
To the floor-.
Stump blocks
Wood log, reed thin hollows
Expect vibration
Expect high pitch while deep resonance
Expect to fly, like high along its-----
Waters are seeping into time and
The tar road, and, water lines
Up and down, and makes diagonals
I wait for waters,
And feel for cold
And harbor it where it comes

Sand falls into lines
Along the water folds
...cold is flooding in
Comfort spreads below floors
A test of the small creatures
Who have wandered far
In to the forest
The air is hot
But I dream
Line, pinched food, green laser
Engine sounds dwellings walls
Food products, high quiet staples
And wet streets
Cobble stones like feelers
Boil heat or rinse.
Bags of powder
Lists of properties and applications
Retirement date
Crushed beads
Progress slows, but in cement instead of mind-
Previous is revisited and boards
Are pried loose as the liquid sets
And thrown aside
The whole becomes oppressed as
Air is forced from the mix
And in all a legend or a shrunken plan
A fabrication so to give the whole
Up for an overview
In narrow width and thinner depth
Precise in parallel points
And trimmed to lean from fat
The whole is all but well
And made again
For close and short review
So looking, rolling back and before,
Forward, this re-accessing
This
Reclaiming a single history
This, expecting to wireframe
The forms before the fill,
And sharpen points, reform, deposit, strip, reform-
Where is the water? Look for the water
Importantly the never stopping
From history of substance contact
Entity that paralleled the history of
The bud, and see, sense and in that
Contrast form the third assessment
And calibrate

The distance and the moving form.
Wait for returns, and hold stiff parts for
Transformations, how much fell then green
A log of question long stringed, pointed
Object tips the ends- things are hung
To hold
Cracked, matters pulled, reset
And considered twice,
The third release
Limit is frayed parsed dethreaded
A stack of reconsider
A stack of second glance
A stack of stomach wealth
Monument and to entomb
Study burden study blur
Two boxes one flow
Whistle sounds, streamlined wind over
Dark or hidden bellied
The look of reason
Nested in a tangle of colored wires- .
A strain of movement is revealed
In twists and stretches
Contributing like owed to,
Contributing, like so to gain a share of control
The studied path, the impromptu path
The bulbous and deformed, the bloated and starving path,
The thin and varicose and dry and broken stick and whole beside the minnow path –
Still, flat long grinding
Surfaces, layered, folded,
Feel, lingered
Fire eyes, father dragon mother
Water dragon,
A worm hole bored and twists in
Swirls and coils from four directions
Every once
When pins are sunk and bolted
When the pass the lowest edge
The brown sun rises on
The narrow end of the telescoping
Copper tubes
The strength of the dirt billows the
Man's arms-
Fill dreams like night buckets
Call on windows makers to share
The sides are made of staggered parts
The ropes hang into nothing, miles below,
Several selves repeat
Through the chromatic action, scratching chipped edges-

Second things arise from firsts
Rolling objects, flipping objects
Colored shadows cast into a vacuum
Light blue, white,
Finger joints click
Like sound for pasture, patty or field –
Examined old selves ordered into vertical slots with horizontal widths
Declaring adjustments and character shift
Multiple stomachs swallow in a series-
Gurgle as a chorus
Fatigue twelve boards over the same period
Identical
Different thrust upon
And, they are the living slots-
Or simultaneous courses-
Blue eyes white green yellow
In multiple tones of grey
A movement of type and degree
Descended purposeful - ...
Opening and gap oppressed by water and dirt,
Enclosed by encompassing, aside the small collapsing –
Poles form mostly to be fit through ports. Poles and port bind to other repartitions- infinite speculation applied stills the hand and mind from creature action as nothing can be affirmed, nothing should be distinctive. When the imbalanced wheel turns with its load, it lunges then slows, lunges then slows- the cart rattles and the boards and strips of copper tumble off – three low functioning humans try to bury sticks in hard dirt. The red wall is lit by candles. The left hand is positive. It is put out, and objects are magnetically attracted, they fly to the hand. The right hand is negative. The hand is put out, and objects fly away from it. A man in a grey suit is standing near the top of a rope and stick ladder. Above, another is tipping a lit candle, from a ledge. The melted wax runs out of the candle and drips down over the man on the ladder. Over time, the man on the ladder is completely encased in yellow candle wax. He managed to come down from the ladder. When he picks the wax from himself in pieces, there is nothing below, only empty space. A man wakes from a dream. He can't remember the dream, but still half asleep, find two chopsticks and puts them on the floor in front of the door of the room, to form a cross, then returns to sleep. He wakes in the morning and finds the cross in front of his door, with no memory of how it got there. A train horn is heard over the phone, the wind is heard, the cracking of a wall. A room is sealed but something changes form, like rays and enters through a glass. An act is mounted and there is a release at the end, but it is a trigger for the next. A sealed room has round portholes for viewing. The nature of the glass covering it changes irregularly, so that sometimes, the glass from the inside becomes opaque black, and the room may be looked into from the outside, but, the room has no light, so nothing can be seen unless there is enough light outside to shine in. But then, it would illuminate the room, though the glass from the inside is black and opaque. Sometimes, the glass is opaque on the outside--- light becomes confused. When things are filled, there is no room for things to happen and no contrast in accumulation. Additions become overflow and do not substantially affect situation as contrastive act rendered visible by a difference. Act itself becomes diminished by available space and energy expenditure allowed in tight quarters. Perhaps observation becomes enough of an act as action is replaced by installation-. To what extent it is a descriptive thing is determined by ability regress internally and generate an imagined double stage, where potential of a massive accumulation of material stimulation has wide space to be imaginatively acted on one piece of material at a time, a

register where individuals can be isolated and then reintroduced singularly or composed with other elements. What is the meaning of warm? A radiator, a clothes drier a hair drier a stove the end of a cig. The car engine a pile of blankets on a couch...

...the color a wall is painted, a pot of food the inside of a body, a chemical reaction a kindness an arousal- part feel part orbit on a country road part stomach sound- seat warmer, gun barrel after firing- campfire coals, shit-, fresh bladder content, body cavity cement...aggressive stripe and passive strip, a narrow band vertical between left and right curtain during cold season in s western country lets viewer in a chair inside a place on inside of the window see a line of falling snowflakes under decreasing light - ...dark line made by ink spilled on paper between two parallel bricks, and pencil line- a set, on watercolor paper signed and numbered with pencil- this is done outside in a snowstorm and the ink is spread wide over the paper that becomes soft like tissue before it is buried. Gravel roads loop around an alabaster cylinder with a wire cage on top packed with raw hamburger. You can buy postcards of this scene. Blue line triangle..- square snow pack, dragon fruit beside the path- green walking stick underneath a porch light- black chicken head floats in the soup-

...powder up the floor and walls, and wait for prints, evidence the second world. Produced wide claim, encapsulate mystery of the spirit story, nine string paths long, in the weakened state of sleep that gathers round the bed. ...a snow of dried skin, or, a fallout of dried skin, dark hollows of low cement houses with the windows gone, over hanging trees, it's cool inside and haunted ... - a dream of a woman she is nude from her breast to pubis, her torso is covered with hundreds of tits of tiny nipples like she would feed an army of mice her juice ...the moon is cut many times by a stack of translucent white illuminated horizontal lines- the sun is similarly cut by dark grey – some creature is caused to steer left in its path by one, and right in its path by the other- speckled paper made to wrinkle with the wet washcloth ...a number is given, maybe it is arbitrary, but a selection from diffusion chaos of image and idea that is internal is selected and sequenced, to place within the boundaries of the selected number – And so, construction is commenced. If the images are from the stomach, they are simple, like eating all the parts of the animal, even the tail, the lips, the skin. If not, if from response, more complex, moving parts, wrong instead of correct in equal chances - . Earth dragon moves its tail, air dragon sucks the wind, and the water dragon brings the waves – such is image brought to number. It is also such an alignment of a living thing that forms the arbitrary generator, that organism, which is the artist, which makes and responds even in a hothouse or in silence and with no audience. Stomach contents represent a gloss of current topics. This is expanded on by the artist during a self reflective pose. Children come from all directions the path of their arrival overall describing a star, descending individually like to a gravitational hole. Seeking complication of illness, simplicity of health, pushed upon, decisions of nature, drying out of reserves, depletions and so forth, tap reserves and damage by recklessness, plan distribution by no consideration for level, force and value. Look, she said, it is the

Next Ness Monster

We sawed it. We all sawed it. We is waiting. It is the distructure of the path, you should look hard to find it again. Long the lasting practical a thing. Other keys and omens emerge. The spirit the visible translucent shades of colored light moving round and in a thing such as a sponge in passing through, such very morning in unlikely and what one would think the places undeserving spirit. It, a one hundred mile reunion for the runners have only run the nine. Magic numbers and distructures of familiar paths, is the focus and a topic for one day removed from the history of response. Missed , the bright and confident, the morning eating in the place – the known that paved the way, the fluff of freshly dropped dirt on that path, and the compacting down by the treading and, the liquid setting to a frozen lake on top it once the particles have settled in their places and the air is still. And, to walk, there is to know the

direction of the next step. The fungus in the body of the worm replaces it and takes the shape. There is the cap. It finalizes most circumstances and things democratically. It screws down over the last change or entry and is sealed. (these) it preserves it yet separates it and limits its influence from within and without. Some resist the cap. Holding onto me as if my plastic high impact external skull. Progression of one daylight before nightfall winds tighter in associations as it moves. Eventworthy points during that frame can bring a sudden and unrecognized release, and an early nightfall. But a general track drives the spring on steadily winding, and in sleep a slow unwind, partial. This, unsatisfactory course could be permanent just as one may cling to the dream of release, though when it comes, unfamiliar, it is thought a stranger, and not embraced, often, fled from. But this is, pretty much, and after all, the life we dream. Events, wheels. Car or box (cart) tugged along by the rolling – down hill of the.

There the curse.

The accumulation.

I never wanted trouble, but it always came to me. What was wrong with study, what was wrong with learning, what was wrong with experimenting? No one ever sat me down and said I couldn't use the world for a laboratory.

I look some of their names up now. I find one or two listed somewhere. I think, as they are all my age, they are mostly alive. My third grade class. It was an innocent project of course. I wanted to learn. I had a good model for how to do that. I had read Frankenstein three times. While the cautionary aspect was not completely lost on me, I was still just a third grader, and the more romantic image of the driven and passionate researcher was far more affecting. I thought, I could do that, I could make some great discovery, I could find the key to life too!

I tried to stitch together bits and pieces of dead things I had found, and mix them with some chemicals I had from my chemistry sets, and even tried to bring life to them using electricity, with a battery. After a few weeks of this, I became disappointed, as I was not able to create life. And then, a simple distraction, a cartoon, redirected my research.

A simple thing; a super hero is beaten by a foe until near defeat, but then, he takes a pill, housed in his ring, and suddenly, he has a new burst of super power, and overcomes. It started me thinking. First, medicine makes you better when you are ill. Everyone has medicine, in their bathroom. Well, if one medicine will cure an ill, maybe many medicines together will improve to super human, from a normal state! Maybe, my study was not to be in making life, but improving life, by making people super human!

I tried out what I could. My parent's medicine cabinet at home was fairly sparse. I found some stomach pills, and some cold capsules, and ground them up in mortar and pestle, mixing them with a few nuts and candies, and making them into little tablets with some water to hold them together. I took these pills for a few days, and careful observed myself. It seemed, there was no effect. I realized, I needed a bigger palette to work from, more medicines than were at my home. I thought of my friend Brian, who had helped me try to build a giant robot before. We were not allowed to play together anymore, after the robot we made and wheeling into the street caused a small accident, but, I could see him at school. He was always easy to talk into projects. And, his mother was always sick.

Brian loved TV shows and science fiction movies on Saturday afternoon. When I described as excitedly as I could the prospect of super human powers, he was easily seduced to the possibilities, like on TV. He could be a superhuman with super powers! All he had to do was to bring me the contents of his parent's medicine cabinet. I would do the rest. I could hardly sleep through that night, waiting for the next day of school, when Brian would bring me the goods. I reread parts of Frankenstein to still my mind, beneath the sheets with my flashlight in bed.

I thought the moment would never come, but finally, after dressing and waiting for the school bus and taking the long ride to the elementary school, I was in the bathroom, and Brian quickly handed me a plastic bag of pills. I went into a stall, sat down, and examined them. I was elated; capsules, big horse pills, powders, tablets, red white, blue, and even some little liquid pills. I was feeling them there, in my pants pocket, all day, worried that someone would see the bulge, or afraid they would fall out, until they were safely with me back home, making it through dinner with my family, and up to my laboratory. I thought of doctor Frankenstein, and worked feverishly to mimic him, glancing up to a mirror on the wall to see myself as I mixed the pills together that Brian had brought me. I studiously wrote down the proportions of one to another, and made several batches of the hybrid pills, each different than the next.

Before sleep, I took three of one batch myself with a glass of water. I lay down in bed and let my mind wander over possible futures. Before long, I had a tingling sensation in my fingers. I thought, I should get up and write this in my notes, but the feeling was pleasant, and I didn't want to disturb the effect. Soon, I found my thoughts taking odd shapes; I thought of my mother, and suddenly, I could see her face, leaning over me, turning around in a spiral like in a kaleidoscope. I directed my thoughts, and they also were forced into these processes. I hoped, I would remember it the next day. I was going to lay still and experience it.

Brian was very excited the next day to take the new super power medicine. I was excited to see what it would do for him, as it had had only a strange dream-like effect on me. Maybe it depended on the person who took it, I thought, and made a note of this thought. Brian gobbled down four of the pills in the bathroom before class. While I went on to class, he lingered behind alone in a stall. At recess, he reported to me that he had been able to push the walls of the bathroom stall quite far apart. Then, he ran around the monkey bars in front of me, very fast. He would need more, to take during lunch period, he told me. I looked around, and then gave him four more pills, and made note of the dosage and batch from which they had come.

I watched Brian at lunch. He had already taken the pills. There seemed something different about him, though I couldn't tell what it was. Maybe he didn't walk like himself, or his eyes looked like someone else's. I wrote down these possibilities. He told me he felt good, improved, as he drank his milk down with a single gulp. I felt, that was worth reporting, but I needed a larger test group. That would allow me to introduce other batches of pills, with different proportions of the medicines, more quickly and with more results to record. We brought some other children in on our project, making like it was a secret club, right then during lunch period. School children love secret clubs.

Within two weeks, I had twenty test subjects. Our teachers started acting different with us, like they knew something was going on, but didn't know what. In the first week, one subject, Susan, fell asleep with her head on her desk, blowing spit bubbles out of her mouth. She woke up when the teacher shook her, but I could see her for the rest of the day, blowing spit bubbles, trying to hide them with her hand. In the second week, Julie peed in her chair and all over the floor. She went out sick for several days after that. And there were many feats of unusual strength, such as children picking each other up, and breaking of sticks over knees. My supply of medicines of course couldn't last forever, and I had to ask other children to bring me more medicines from their parent's bathroom cabinets. These fresh supplies widened my experiments, but it was short lived. It was inevitable that someone be caught raiding the medicine cabinet. In the end, it was my old partner, Brian who was caught, and who confessed, and told the adults the whole story. And so, there were discussions with parents and even the school board whether I should be allowed to be around other children.

This comes to mind now, the first of a string of activities that would occupy my parents and various education professionals for several years to come. Eventually, this nature of mine was redirected in a way where it was expected; I became an artist. But, this comes to mind now. My wife is pregnant. We will have a son. My grandfather's name was Lewis. My father's name was Lewis. My name is Lewis.

And our son's name will be Lewis... Lewis the IV. My wife wants it that way. There are few number fours in the US I think, and none in Taiwan, where we live. So, it will draw attention to our son. And, I am nervous. Our son will have my name. I hope that is all he will have of me, for our sakes, and for the sakes of all the other lovely little children.

Raise the Lids.

See inside.

Awake, until the pressures there extinguish. Long as the measure of the mountain trail, deep as the valley lake. A sunken rest. Break points coming dust dependent, felt for stubble, the day gate, paint it colorful in related tones of yellow, orange. This to mask the sun. Conscious gulping of the empty room, color and a seal to quiet peptide place. An identity, to carve a line of, establish of a meaning for the use, the notch, like on a doorway coding growth and child and family thus occupant, or damage, as domestic wear. Simulation of the use, prewashed jeans, distressed pants, distressed canvases of Arte Povera and New Poverty. Put the forty thousand valued painting in the washer and tumble in the drier. Is she resting, Holt, tennis, is her voice like whispers, retiring, from distressing. The layered correction, over-patched the patch. Even of honesty and words. Equivocation of steady invention stream. Wire source of principle. Special toaster paste. Five gallon tar. Road rocks, leech farm. Tissue cleaner. So maggots too. And pearls of God. A monk once referred, the lice. Distress the underwear, distress the basic function, then true. Art for art's sake. Defeat purposes. Art less than useless. Billowing. Turning over of the grass, the movements of pigeons on the ledge, the string on a spool. Slowly eating the way through the walls of plaster made from black rice. Necessities sitting railway cars then moving on the track. A door between but some are locked. Size and cut. In the slot.

E and E

A river a wet stone
dry disinterest
discard
the stone as well as
salamander
betters
froze
rarity
child mind supple
old parched as
skin
waiting unimpressed
the salamander
precious,
but brains
the brittle twig.

O no O

Of which it didn't
over the tent.
Putting away the
hysterical diagnosis,
the patient and the
twelve reunion.
In a line, the
burst of anger,
in a line,
the tiles on the facing
wall.
In a burst
flavor, copper
the crowd responds
the taste of nickel
thistle, rose thorn,
brier
the skin.

O no O 2

Body still
but from the copulating
sleep
the dream forgot
but waking
still the moving
what the dream
no dream
is there,
copulating sleep.

O Flow O

Flow mucus
Flow blood
Flow lube
Flow seeds
Flow cleaner
Flow left over
Flow current
Flow transport
Sunset
Sunrise
Tomorrow

Sense O E

SHOCK OF EYEWHITE
SEDATE BLACK PUPILS
CLOUD OF FADING URIS
CATARACT

What five and unexpected thing. Such subdivide the day. What the image in the field the man releasing a stack of typing paper to the wind -. What am are in this (world) the reaching in the fingers bamboo spears -... cement stairs with the plywood trap door under, secret to the wine cellar there, to mop up and collect the broken glass, and hide some other secret and a mission of riddles, leaves brought in from outside on the shoes -. (makes it fall) was it someone passed away in – formal like found some fingers in the dust and marbles of the ceiling panels, bottles and newspapers from 1927 stuffed down the crawl space and between the walls (from the attic down) inside – put the fingers in a jar and finally buries them behind the house where once there was an old jail – still some granite slabs and metal bars, scattered about -. The soul extractable, non fatal ,is the (of the type) organ no longer in use. Now some born without. Some, two three in the world, very elder(s), maybe one extreme youth, as with mutation never seen divine application, drawing down, a line vertical – drawing it up, stops before attaining the prize at a destination – is it that is always going, is of some screw heavy board, or special rivets hold sheets of steel to linen. Haven't talked, not garbled words or returned to bright rooms, or, have mailed heavy squares, bricks. Cover arm the itching happiness, the lounge. It is sun, it, it is motors, it is. If it is flat, it holds a sign. Look for white, the paints and little brush, camel hair or wolf whisker. The rowing out to sea, the caution practiced, to border fearful life. A capacity of a hard metal or metal compound to hold an edge or hold a perfect round. Blossoms of many like objects held in clusters, or manifest, and manifold of parts that work together toward a hybred function of them all at once. You should mix your reason to unreason. The question, collecting questions. Opinion it's X ray. Cement column of prefabricated forms (YOU improvise) cement poured – peel off skin -. Medicate the pad. Imagined or imaginary interest. Pets seem to respond in a unified dance in all places at once – masters fear the last step of the dance -, and if the last step is a harmless finale, what happens after – how can be the miracle followed -. Should they fall into repose, refuse to act, and live in a dream. Find to imagine eating the steak covered in small living worms like a sauce -... Blind binding, arms legs hold without purpose the sharing of the restive path -, where walk comes when it will, jumps and starts, leaps and whistles and lingering. The sudden return of childhood in pictures never seen in waking the child passing through though with the adult's irony, or shame or amusement. Mystified by leg marking, and the ownership ring, it is only every place that puts upon its objects arbitrary symbols of possession, and, ones effectively restricting with their expression, as a binding iron, or a use of time demanded by a rite. The shell is what is wanted to be known. The oaths are cast into the air. Dry time for lying and selling, purest oval omissions fit through one size hole. But everything all at once. Flatten against the wall. Of drift, the surface, and unsure. It moves nine yards, and property of right to breathe. The inflated head walks on chicken feet. Some recognizable things. Move forward spoiled fruit. But

Director of expression

Climb – code – for legs -...

Most mighty is

Predictably next

Thing pitch phrase embedded meaning phoneme elegance –

As of for had has missiles and missives

Firm held boxed laments,

High range doubles

Vibrations riding

Code barrel shaped

Body rides longer to
Plane to transgression over tones -...
Failed risks stops
the wait with a
treaded wedge -.
Lumps of growing
haste
trips
divert
path of
intension ---
irregular time and
stretched at punctuated
they like thump thump thump
convention to lower cultured forms, association and harmony to common experience thumo thump
the head of bones
and flesh swelled
lit up bright pink and yellow injected by pigment
and hardened, catalyst twice the size the head thick plastic container form fit the head with extravagant
features a robe with a shoulder bared frame hangs to the ground, silk -...
sandal, cowboy boots, blow torch crusted brow stiff for walking, charcoal.
In one for elbow through,
elbow patches on
the next where
elbows need protecting.
Glyphs (count years) in wrinkled skin
flows the care
and limits concern
and blocks a floor
and ceiling the
contract – it is for the right and the rite with elbows up, with
special shirts with holes in one for elbow though ...for -... loop.
Perfect awl in remorse conditions;; wet deck, damp life under
seaweed, sun
song
perfect remorse decline.
Story slumped into waiting closet.
A razor sharp -. Number days saying safely nine tomorrows. Sing along to a list of style
expression -. As the spirit or the mind detaches in more distance from the body – increased error
seeps – in art, as a second third dimension of depth – erroneous bone matter, hollow as but seeing
through hose for plumbing, production in a porous but still sponge side sectioned, crossed bring back
memories load up with nine contact tests with lips pressed against the cold plate glass – of fragrant
herbs and especially mint on the fingernail – crushed leaf there – transparency is not invisibility.
Everything is seen, transparency confronts the processor with the layer(s) which with transparency may
go on eternally thus locking a committed processor into endless and fatal attention. (preoccupation)
Endless too attention to the skin. How in song express the endless. Mondrian. Transparency is not
invisibility something that lets you see more -. Nothing is invisible. What the dream of the eye socket; it
is empty space, it's occupant is spinning, it houses a blur, or a rodent. What the tapestry of the wedding

dinner with thirteen entrees and the bride and groom toasting each table with tea -... ornamental and colorful smog mask – as am the separation and pressures applied to a pimple –a dull ache and sharpness confusion that is not a solid presence, confusion, not one personality, identity liquid spread wide -. How characterize intellect, what is the creator if descriptive -... the greatest passage, through the humble life, silent heroic provision and lesions -. Fragile song of tinkling -... Eric Satie ..? – no but more or less in time tone pitch, but is it not fragile but decline. No one for asking followed by answering dreams the eye in one pile at risk. That, the sensation pulled to find in the morning or hunting for it in the afternoon, the cool air calms, the one sensation.

Deservation clip and the proclamation fog belt Devolving from the sentence.

What has had it from here. Shiny objects control like hypnotism. Poured matter makes effective in object performance, the calm of settling tar and the heat of engine exhaust on ice. The observation of the solution finding its way into the medium. Linked corridors neglectful underground. Conflicted shades between prisms. Stumping, convincing gesture, talk of syllables. Composed words, applied. Accomplish nine maps. Rehearse each event separately, compile as one, in futures. Bend synthesis, bend nature. Declaim the presence of the series. And the consortium of night for day. Involve mad chaffing. See for all the pleasures of reclining. Distribute patches now like rations, to hold the air in mats. And tires. More than pipes before they meet the drain, the convolutions of plans. There is fine disproportion to attend, lesser by degree each sentiment. Derail from steady progress forced to find itself a desert road reason, earth hole maximum to fate, or leaning holding on the frame a weighted bag. Extinguished flames see twelve to a log die down, twig start, reset wax, newspaper. Seed in the scalp, a tree growing in a tooth cavity. More the derivation. More the one attended, it would be one revealed, to the magazine jacket. It is the bright and sunny day. There is the concern for the statement of place, where it can reset and comfortably, be committed to its better cause. All suffering not the same, but suffered more or less acutely is the relative scale, and one adjacent and not parallel to facts. (of suffering) Two scales of the one, advised, that do not wish for being that some other one. The castle built then worry for the safety above the ground then dig the hole and let the palace fall to rubble. It was felt, true form, in acted roles and in a common place but not the only or the only or the first. Urgent warning, urgent register, urgent attention required. Urgent seed grow quickly and then sprouts out through the teeth. The one has seals, the save the leech, to cry out publicly release emotional knots in the participants of a rite. It will draw a ghost elsewhere, who tries to find and knife and cut the host, most often, a poor boy or a homeless or infirm. Trance. The artist blends reveals host too, but with more self effacing. Ate the Buddha head from the south spit the seeds in the north. Don't stop flinching from the cold and bare the description. Transcribing from the illness of the obsession to the square and circle and perfect forms, the drain from each of excess dreams the pressure pushing it, and, the content of the flow, a molecule magnetic in its lack some supplement its structure as it flows, should to this be aware, and after, as transcription wants for more, to short and path and force a jump – plug lights to see obscure points amplified, and early making born the vacuum tube and resonance. It is away, who to see the mist through the fog belt, it is a way, what have enormous heavy limp, and has a light step barely roughing dust and third the second step sinking to an elbow or a leg joint and as wide as craters, just as impact. To instruct do not fail, the observation there is a hole in the front of each step, then fill the gaps or deepen. As the flesh made to the mold, single and covering. Enough but not so much the loose. Divisive tight of early late of lax. Contain in shade box (es) lease patterned standing, of the object cast against and face the sun for one, while one, should bask in color tone cast to ground and upward to the tip and margin. One is am as casting, casting, casting, and causing as a ramp, too, to ease the traffic. (over the difficult and abrupt

hump) It is tomorrow already, and today has only begun. Something is slipping. It is the face of a globe. Witness forms. Lay down before the quilt of leaves, on the simple bed of stone. Course build, wind tight springs of alder. Feel the branches move against, it is the brush of epidermal harvest. As well, the ache and following the flapping of lard layers, the pie. Ernest in most, the narrow slice burdens the chart with omissions. Better then, exaggerate. The man rumbles for confusion (dehydration) in the forest. The festival of knotty pine. There it was renewal slats and floorboards. There is the device on the wheel (included in forest) that measures and adapts for larger rims. (overinflates the tire) It is, a place of (magic) transformation from wood and moss. Let it (ill) be known, like in a tale -.... of old (en) middle times (of English). Trace out one words from one from the one longhand, as the discipline high regardedly. Hire out to moan. (for someone) Long shirt bland attire, forage festival, the flea market and salvation army. (trade in tree bark) Flushing out the eye from seeing festival. (for amateurs) (if you pick it, it will follow with a collapse) It is not just for the blind. Water the milk pails before attending, as it takes three days. Avoid the malingerers at the juice bar. Be warned, as the obvious is not posted. Whose eye is making clicking sounds. Trying to float who should swallow something light. Adaption. Where that is the measure of annoyance there a thing sits, untroubled. There, it is the man who made the first iron boat that floated. Lo, said the book named Lo, it is the boat that never floats, the quilt of patches and cork plugs. Two marvels one museum wall. And, a modern stretched canvas that an artist's hands have never touched. Lo! Museum sale, their organic collection, moves an air filter model, express the public -. Slowed the sliding backward on the hill, by notching one leg, make the other a pointed hook to catch it. Breakthrough desire of the first independent breath. Where private time with the plan prepared by the second, absolves the one, who should decline to pay for error then. It is not the perfect system is the greeting, as goodbye is, I will not account. As will the canister from space in the village, it is enough. Should fish for and preserve eggs, for long labors of the fishers. Possess the shared utopia in a fraction. The hole to thief potatoes from the bins. The false floor of the chicken coop. Another hole the side the beast for feeding direct. Arrayed decision with classification. A suite for learning protocol. Keeping priesthood oiled, voluptuary law purple and gold. A skin lesion a butterfly in sin. Absolution contains the pardon and the sin which covers short past one to three, with immediate decay – the next. Evasive persistence. Where the study ends. Shift flats, eleven certain, fish occupy, live in the margin -, and gap pits. Sunken boat becomes the reef. The skeletons reskeletoned as coral. Warm, it draws them out, it draws them to us, two the one the second. Attract a set. Stick on to the surface face, copy meat with vegetable. Water lines where toes meet and foot marks the ankle. Smooth with milk. Cut the bread, a puppet came out of it with a miniature kitchen knife and attacked – avoid to the bread, it was the splinter in the loaf but it grew. The wood was green. Approaching repeatedly until there is escape by reversal. Escaping the own coming. Accounting for the time and energy. Resolution spotlights. Circle use of a clock face – trace around it. Timed. Bottled ointments ground earth storage. Glasses, vases sound, songs of common day use, toothbrushes combine to move a grouping in an orchestra of the commons. Air conditioning deludes into thinking out heat, but sub-tropic outside and arms blister. Like that. This is a solo voice, pitted into three common sections, in a row of four, development. Wire, wind, electric color pencil, and a gel the one should pass the consciousness of self into -. The dream of folded clothes submerged into a bucket of thick house paint. The bucket was a standard white five gallon, the paint, a muddy purple, maybe. Removed and reinserted staples that hold the many thing used each day the process gives their holder a different quality. It is a transparent subversion. A shared depression is an indentation in common course for two or more. It is resulting from an activity in the dirt. Pile clods to make a dirt oven, hollow, dig inside lower, set fire put sweet potato in and bury the whole thing under dirt, dig up later, and advance, to the dirt house piled clods in a circle that telescopes to a point on the top and in the center a cone. The tomb should follow then, the model to take up the entire garden acre and the firmament. Compose selected and invited for the endeavor. What am as waited in the seat to start to stand up. The path laid out across the golden room to the silver. The copper then the boiled

sheet of pig skin over the living area – soil bending by heat in the midday, bends back the other way in the midnight. An activity of walking to a restaurant is cobbled and stacked with other to make a composting layer strata, by the end of the day, fermenting, in the midnight. What am as waiting, what am as feeling on the skin that forms before the dew, am waiting as for impending. There am remove the morning fog at the setting come again to sit. There am and is the process of the twelve hour. There am as condition multiplies on other worlds – galaxy extant. Peel on other sheets of skin for that. Effusive and evocative, the drain with its contents, and an offset, what one saying. How am one said. Procession limbs boats hand phone tentacles light reflecting, flashing, bearing down and moving. Air hosting, air the guest. Beating percussive instrument and the millions conditions. Indescribable best to undescribe or focus all the way around the thing. It is nature of long translation from thing to second thing, or the series of linked that miss the target translation and transfer the content of the next for the previous. It is, that is as breath for the misfitted. Wearing the brown to disappear against the ear, or blue for receding, sky, or colors of the sea. Listed patterns of the worry another set the guilt suspended, from the first another set that the strong when the young the one (unfixed as yet in forming) is so impressed and put, secreting aside and cornering, one had seen it, one had pulled away -... the head is vulnerable, for the that one that is imposing to, for taking down -..recall one thing, not subject to general learning wipe -... Otherwise to always the learning wipe. Unconditions. To always disapprove then carry prisioning inside invisible. Every circling around in a finite group puts elbows up – that they are hard and sharper than knees – a ring, protective, projective. The proposal of the tightened binding, held that holds with singing spaces through the thickness and thin diffusions as the spectrum of the breathing layers. So to fatigue, of in interests, that, that is an uncompliant and self (one) motivated worm, the itself one, compelled (ing) to a toward state steady reason, nature, element of necessity, as fueling. Rejected idiom the short fall discussion that is a cheat to invention what requires forgetting and making do. Plunging each time napkin into the wet. State of mind and distress. Approaching, preparation in small layer of the motive. But as not remembering is not forgetting, almost linked, by circle of square or, expert but mechanistic memory which is declined the best to deflect the skill that might retain after forgetting, or to not remember knowing. Pushed aside the passing matter learning. Actually sure the learning that exhibited the matter of. Is the best the feeling through the finger one, the two single grains the next beach sand to imagine pictures. Felt the likeness of the air. The wind should blow the papers from the stack and scatter. So now it is written, a law by necessity of realizing. Some stupidic reasoning. Some clot as something half learned, but fully retained. The stupidic learning spring. Which holds the bottle nosed top in place indefinitely of what object. The descent of the down the middle – who longs the preparations for the myth display – who hypothesizes the state from which it comes in common terms as if idiom of everyday obscure – earliest the memory now other fill in here. Some of the million conditions – what have the one, the breathing layers – the muted and the toned out vapor -, the fading, imprinted forward on child's rememory. And there in some juice but more the condensation come from out surrounding now the past – again and the lay. Aggress stages of passive amusement, the docked intention waves the entry rack of twelve rings and arrives abrupt through the broken supporting wall. Holding firm for slicing, the positions are gossamer thin – a gossamer crow arrives to claim its unique feather from which descriptions arise to find, it is not his feather, but an abstraction. There is an instant fantasy life of animals and various animated rocks. To make the claim of one, (the own private) belief in personal animated mascots, a registration is required, for this use of mind. It is a strict pay space. Basic ignorant field of behavior. Nine category, nine difference. Medieval mysticism as the reference, a block in a turned over soil. No rendering of body or pictures of spirit. Legal premise -... what it imagined today was truth. The next day, copy work – beyond, beyond prediction twelve to twenty limit. Forward age, order member. Production market up calamity of trees, forest tick stream, vital inlet and freak eleven foot tide high – cane sugar, machete red spots cool limp leaf, that's wet, fallen autumn, logged road dusk, fog particles so big they float then burst from forming, log puddles mud, some popping mid air shoulder

height water balloon. In every moment, full-on joy and despair. Nostalgic loathing, self one darkened, to mystify patterns with an unseen portion, unseen predictably a repartition, by in fantasy the darkened, unique.? . out of sense, out of reason, should suggest to fantasy self one imposed an adjacently moving logic. This for psychic one self one sustenance. The dismissal expected comes through the fantasy of a freezing zone, high pressure gas dismissal is brittle and inoperative – removed, then if not, even gently torched with tips or breath shatters, unusable to subjugate so logically dismissal retreats. The return to the mystical and imagined, a warm shirt, a favorite and a built place, to house the growth of the personal aberration we should one be promised. Onward, predictable waves, the private aberration polite disguise confines to scraps and subversive talismans of some analogic date spilled and so, so hard described, but a symbol felt, wetted. A bare amusement to see, a way to be when lived. What one distinctive nature brings, it delivers onto several fields, while waiting what arrives, usual magic number set of glosses, nine. No trespass, posted, your now owned and property of the fabrication of equivalent personal culture. Value less losses, estimated into successful planning. As with, the elegant marble floor, stairwell, priceless French cloister, stone stripped spirit washed imported. Value established. The want, cold austere embrace of surrounded internal vacuums. Transgressive expression make a list, elapse it, listen numbered magic twelve talk wryly, topics from suggestion list, early snow, three seven or eleven trees. It is time locked it never snows here. The one would wait on the one to see it all again. It is frail -, the sun more directly. The physical of things dropping particle seeds, all but abstraction one should stop the feeling of it, matter turning flat and standard posing. The organs invented to the mixed sack contained but ready to advance to use -, today the next tomorrow on the field – dust dry soil, themselves to dry up, ancient seed plus ten thousand span. Making of repeated and everyday the impromptu elaboration of the aspect centered marvel -... plug-ins to the power-between-the-parts, that improvise the purposes of previous ununified objects(tions) and absolute resulting – (from implementing causing) provocations glimmering water evaporation rings against the cement screen -. The black between the days clipped reveals each the different world inset. It have calmed exposed to roughing. It have bloat contained by pin puncture releasing -. The short walk with piercing frequency – amp accumulated first to last beat divided -. Pulse conditioned, oven fused. Square but pointed home, house but unit controlled at the limit of the limbs stretched. Then inserted through the ear and eye, beyond. The tall down talking, confused but small is waddled its own path short sight find the road again still wanders, broken in the knee – sent for ten of these the density of the handicapped or, drunk walked forms the basis ten worlds the weight for holding down the chest to breathe. Prying with a flat level, stayed here pressure wanting, for salvaging from disturbed setting the static expression of the full solidity in flight above, in the extracted (what was infusion), the spirit of the lowly. Silent dreams, pulled apart to struggle in its pieces to it choked. Select from where to have the relics housed – well body shots the slide well represent. Full body shot, for teachers. Opinion inflated to exaggerate the natural shape. Sliding, notch it to stop – set aside a set for passive use, and then a short learning scale – box, hollow clay ball. – Leisure, role the ball, the palm, store, inside the box, secured there on the death, a shelf, for late things. The confined studies of the profound things, the removable head – predictions back logged – the simple turnstile replaces the gate – one, tuned to the brink – additional and a song. Auto affixed. To the day endeavor and a copy paper – of the calf – the cat crossed eyes. Stale before forming, raw composed. Orders of repair foiled, hierarchy of ease -. Plugged the docile luminary overgrowth compacted to for fitting in the hole to stem the sinking. The twice removed is taken out but once. Many acts exist but as implied, or, suggestions. He ceiling raised two meters. Filled of the vision, the rows and harnesses, of channels and the sets and mingled parts. Raise the hands and have the way arranged with all them now, think dominoes in rows now picture lists of acting -. Dislodge timing wheels or relays, advance, into several half slides to the notch, grade states – robust (ness) of invented, watered and fed. As a vision flipping, poles. Strained compliment parts, trade of receded, extroverted positions, corners, filling. Big room house a lot of people crowd them in around the tiny work of art. The hands go on, are

tested at the wrist to see the moving then applied lifted up the metal barricade or pushed to make a narrow opening, still while block entrance with long shields, tightly fit allowed, a passing few, whose house there -...now flies like that toward the opening of the screen. Hot, along the line, bug bites -... what haven't seen still know. Fresh doing the twice familiar. Repeat the older, cast in place. The image, outlined shape in new skin or white crayon is imagined of the surface of a desk to write. It is the thing apart for each, what should reduce to, when the last falls (flaking) there is one achievement left beneath the shirt or buried in the afterglow-ing on the eye the theme pursuant – as is hardened around the knob or irritation there reminded , journey, fought for thing, sustaining thing. A burn always in a spot one should touch again again again. It illustrates it, conforms it, it, boil, reduce, what's left continues through -. Ferris wheel the smokestack , the irritant beneath. All three vital and not forgot the eyes the brain omnipresent. As the hair, the nostril end of the nose as seen crossed. The unrepentant chamber, the unrepentant. The wave generator, the form stamp, the press. The afternoon as the divide the useful time the sequence-of-putting-aside, twelve affairs attended. Clothing adorns the seats and tabletops, seafood dishes, song, hints of exposed genitals, entertain. (back brain) part. But mob concern mass. Stamp, labeled leisure, consumption. Winding sounds, stone vibration, sideways pulse. Short path traveled. Low quality medium traded, use. Push through push through until it can't move at all. Then, stop as choice removed, when return the motives through a different setting -... now like this winds down to the closure point, the point closure the iris shuts down. No more allow, to wait the rim, the second adjustment. This is how marking days, then leaps. Fortunes and despairing. The unexpected and enormous, dropping from the sky part -... you should say, the one made these while waiting. The weakness forms, it as the worm gnawing. The place had trailing parts, in seven picture proofs – to instigate the watcher in a linear part -... in the city, falling out over itself, there small pieces left to join with some odd better time, the shoe to cobble from the early pieces without fault -. So, parts and pieces, repeating pictures and promises from dreams -... that passing in a steady current without the rushing or change. Perfection contrivance -. Opinion bluing. The smelted pile.

Forced of limbs
Right twice, left one, right
The combination, compound complication
The second time and on
That it picks up distresses it, with the roll at, subsequent in time
A long series, told in a story as a fix for wear
And housed in pocket holes
Renewed as magic or the optimistic though
Releases all repair
And all told comes
To single points
How forest
How hill and how the pounding rain sideways at land
A one, to stand amid and solid to the base
Untouched unearthly weight the smooth and marble shape
The inside not the out which is the truth of the things
Should be professed by senses
Hard inhuman perfect marble was
As those too in a row, the first direction best
That pocket hole and bound there, then they
Can be never lost to possession as
Beginning in that hole-,

Narrow narrow, long shift side and forward, narrow narrow
Stretch ahead, ahead -,
Is it is something to oppose and curl the way a smoke path moves
There is a twenty margin of the filings
When collected, silver shards that whittled down was smelted back
The grand, that's big and whole
Cannot stop the scoring of it with an edge
And pulling hard to rip it roughly
Sealed the edges with the flame
Returned to pile it in a mass
As piled as flesh as with the alter in a European style
With detail ornament and setting into fitted well worked stone
Is inset into it the pile, the heap beyond repair of skill or earthly vanity deflected
It is only left, the simplest and easiest, the true
The under-cultivated stripped of digits and articulation of the sin
Into it, a smelted lump, the pile, the derivative where else has been burned out to soot
And left to it, the clear and pure and super-heated running stream
The alter mound, the concentration,

as the piles of dead have would have been,
if they the souls could be so melted down
to one essential kernel every body giving up,
so delineated, it is set against its side and scored, and sealed, and capped, and cauterized
if still in some a coating of a skin of fat not turned to soot inside the shaft,
smelted, idols
even, quickly turn away from them, they turned to water too,
and erasing any of suggested line that man could make so that remains
the most unnatural
of something not occurring even twice akin which is, outside of nature
as there is a finite rising to the even base and single form
that nothing has a symmetry it is a human conceit(ed) thing
that there is nothing we could say reflecting in the holy realm
so we the they should treat us as the dust, destroying even as out word our things
out scratching even as we rise above the dirt
that we the they should rub the faces in it to obscure the symmetry that was provided
in our featured faces
then by choice are fallen, lower than the waste which we the they provide-,
as much as are the slaying on the mattress,
as the war at words
as the frozen how should we the they provide the tool
to hide the crystal form
or easily condition to appear to never see it there
as in the holy way should all decline for symmetry -,
a waddle when a dance could break,
a limb
and self soiled
as the roost is still a vanity
and heads like full of lice

should hide,
because their perfect form
conflicting with the perfectly declined, the mass, the heap and pile –
it is a condition, a but
for how avoidance rules
LOCKING INSTRUMENTS THAT JOINED TOGETHER SEE PROJECTED
INTO THAT FROM OTHER SENSES TUNED TO BE
a GAUGE gauge GAUGE
to hold alarms of tight possession
and there providing from the vapors
THROUGH THE SALT BEHIND

THAT QUICKLY GROUND UNLESS
a CRYSTAL OR A FORM MORE PERFECT OR COMPLEX
CONFRONTS THE EYE
IT IS BETTER THAT, TOO MOCK
THE ALTER AND THE STAGE
ON WHICH WE THE THEY HAD COME
AS LESS DESERVING
THAN THE PILE
THAT WE THE THEY REDUCE THE MOST AND USEFUL THING INTO -

and plan, prepare, and send away
as it is, the ones could say,
it was a beaten trust
that all that, and shifting direction continuous reversing
and repeating broke the frames
that were, so thin and delicates the way of any cell way in a body small to see
inclined to be, is,
and, a thing that's frail in youth coming needs protected
needed that, the pressure down on it to break it of the path that it would take to be, in form
rejecting that, doomed more as born a gel
and never born more follower
were by the nature of the passing
aged away
Away.

At the compliment of this time, it is position between things. March of legs between smells, construction of cabinet shapes of wood and bunkers with concrete and lead, in between, as the use of walls to house and protect, and also hiding, for that. Not much more the know in the conflict of the missings. It is an empty shelf of wars. It is making into digested. It is at the compliment of time, (this time, each event different and separated) in a fuel. A restated, twisted from left to the right, and extracted and the action. One born one. It was. It is a tattered thinking, with cloth, soaked, dried and dragged. Scattered. Threaded. It is a prize of acting in mass. The advance, and the advice, and all. Well matched where the cloud of frogs. Under the object weight in the downhill obstacle roll, (tumble) predicted the path in composing lines, the real the path occurs and third the path the separation then three series comprised; imagined, actual, difference. Dis-virulent joined with in between pieces binding on the wet floor, it is the personality problem that blames the receiver. For waiting, it is, as amusing

struggles of possession. It is, as continued possession, it is, as retaining while widening the possession base. It is the nomadic concept of use instead. It is the poster or the rent of space, it is property of circumstance and wall space of the sidecar. Expectation over indebted configuration of stick length parts. They should then, as the series allowance for error and patch. What is made should be, clearly a repair, and not to be made as new. The seam should through periods be broken apart, and for all observers to see, not functioning become again joined and treated as the former self one while the knowledge is, it is a broken thing, and will be separated again. The prey of a good working system, an arrangement of ridicule provide a renewing release for longer strings of tension -. Nine yard to multiply , not far away. Pegboard, dreams of hooking things. And, to unbox tools, and wire, and electric cord. Masturbatory dream of a tar spattered white fence – waking the one feels confused. It is ripe. Insert a forceful quill, the sentiment the words per minute of a legend, the sea monkey, and the fantastic fiction journal. Ma Holy Nar plunged the stick into the red barrel. When he pulled it out, three inches were a candy swirl of yellow and orange. He capped the drum. There was no purpose for this measurement. He only wanted to see what the end of the stick would look like. But, he should disguise the act as otherwise purposeful. He adjusted his shirt in his pants and tried to look official. It was conditioning. Long tailed naturally extended the spine as supportive to balance, and even posture. (to pose for advertisement and sale) transforming from going. America the backwash. Even leaving, safe to count expectancy. All the measured out time. And, that gloss, of attachment to index. And final, attenuation breathing. Cardboard through rasp sneeze, mite. In some memory, some activity. Some interact, some converging. Some plot, or mistake. Departure. Blanking blotting out, retained mistaken portion. So, not negated by fullness. Put aside one while the cleaning of the other. Back mix. Your safe world, shaved tips. Elongation at the end of the elongated procedure -. Washing the damage. Clean damage then. Then just the short burned part. The organs are smoothly defined; that is, without detail. Wait for the sound. It is an immaculate and horribly beautiful spread of wings and thin green filaments unfolding from within the one, in concentrations, let it not be lost. Rise, shift, reinserted. A log every deck rented, encourage recording as a use the even dwelling in, the current out providing less the substance of desire than reflection. As in the attic trapped, with the fly, tomorrow's song is such a blend, backward walking and cracking in the sometimes tree snapping along the row of pines that still recede though first growths, still deep. After, dreams the new location, the pin has two heads. Can still feel, those lost dreams what doesn't come now, of the long soil not so common this way dry, the dew coming every night, the air and the barometer unawared, fog on the stern, the lapping waves and fog horns voice, the white caps, just make out, jets through the scumbled grey. Should wait the sixteen hours for occurrence but there are no remains of it now, should forcefully unearth, and, there is no movie joy in it. Force to retain. The work part of rememory. Am under in the shard. Thus turned over, so the next season grows, so attention sleeping. Signs blank the one sorry of that. Ingested waterings, eyeless, illusion. With impossible color. Wet stones after dry. Klein blue. Lights stay on in daylight. Current, baking. Cool, shade rest. Contain the plant the pot, it sits, the edge, the cultivated field. Of as the picture of the sign. What that will do. Special wiring for casting shade. Shade light. Plug it in the bright room. Calms, cools. Particles bond to the photon, heavy (lidded) photons. Relaxing photons. They are going, there in suits. They are not filling, the toes of long shoes. They have ties that describe their necks. It is for the whistle, of corn, and the vegetable whistle. It is the nervous, and the well grounded. There is, not enough on waking. There is a clear path, but looking for an obstacle -. There are columns that hold up something, and columns that do nothing. There are periodic explosion and silence, there is steady rattle. Still inside, it is that in the heart, the small worm, egging. It is that that there is misting with a bottle – the plant believers, the wild. If more from the hotel, coming, along the sidewalk, sitting, ponytails rattling head movements movie confident, have stopped, communicating, that. Not that best. Away from cartoons. There. Am the mass. The barrier -. The wait walking, dependence. Soft lines hard cornered. Wait on walking, visitor. Exciting. Crawl, upright. Impoverish, stepping. Overlapping awakes and water sings.

From the mountain, to the quarry -... short stead. Nine lines. Contraption. Gears from tin lids, floor panels, string handle. Washed while waiting for returning to the shed. Aged rubber, perfect cracking in grained patterns -. Expectation missing unexpected occurring -. The prepare no knobs. Or program. It lives. Case the sun. oscillator. Shrinking raisin. The door. Knocking. Doing is starting. Follow to show. Winding skill. Muffled the strike. Thick the thin reed response. They imagined a short revolution of parts. It would make the whole collapse while gears and pins run smiling free. That also part of the imagining. It would force the radical, as the stomach opens through the side. Slowly gaping, smooth lipish edges of the hole. Go as that feathered boat whining pieces, each a mouth and cords, pushes air. Talk for products. Ride awake out aggressing, nine farms potato rows translate a cool cellar and potato bin thousands loose confined, a slatted cube. For freedom, and form. Denied, bargaining. Back –up motor, invention signal. Test numbers, test rows. Test passed time blooming now, cones and threaded rods. Everyone is uncle. Placid and testing for opinion principles and opinion saturations, values. Placid, fueling plan. A felt fuel, a burning log and a red tank. Two crossed lines for God. Rock chipping. One-in-nine. Tool. The wheel subtractive polygon subtracts one side per rotation the ride roughens the wheel eventually, that it becomes a single two dimension line and then a single point and next it is gone. Away the one is singing. They are chosen pitches. The next set comes out from squeezing and pressure and no choice. God reacts. Which God chooses. It is, models natures how to be, one's struggl/e/ (ing), how and which comply. Stress and immunity. Time-take and takers. Talking, head parts swinging. There is some violence, in something. There is some dominance. There is a lesser task intentionally broken and retaliation. Breaking down, and independence. And wears a mask. Nine units, square and metal, filled with leaves, dried stems. (rubber tree, cork bark) European garden, around the world planted present Cardinal summer palace CZ – bolted as attached and bolted as having run. The work proposed begin, at night undo. Negate completion and instruction. Lodge to leg with eye, spoil water carved line down – plural one, voice three sounded once – blocked entrance to identity – responsible sliding scale. Committed fermentation – gathered procession – slow heated, adjusted ice. Progresses in twelve gardens. The crime held on a distant stick, is far away. Nine knobs are turned assorted differently each series. The wide path cut by laid tar and cement lots provides the stage on which the gardens are acted. Local theatre, a plywood canvas backdrop curtain and metal frame scaffolding, it is the way, even mouthing to a pre-recorded play, The Twelve Gardens. Prepares the half interest of the audience near the supermarket, mister sprinkler a real garden –trained bugs bite, audience displaying sores. Can't breathe, eyes sting. The one time life. Too long gaze. Eye glass. Ache of perturbation. Standard caution. Published affect, wheelbarrow. Previous versions are declined. Lastly one is approved and appears in general quarters as if common. Wax cotton net weave, sea maintain lines freshly cause, post proportion, mail slots after. How convinced are on predictions and how much conceived are the medicated patches. One condition joins another forming and sustains a prong effect-. Blowing text. The jaw bladder filled as we the two were passing through the intermittent want of spirit then the song and rubberized the tank and filling filled again with arrest concern.

Thump.

All

what's told the

thump.

The rose that borning the conjunction of isolated forest buildings and ocean floor bubbles, brings to conclusion a timed set of pictures each allowed for short attention. The bucket is compared to the smaller pail. Path fluid ripples and ferments a swelling white. The loom of this, two the underscored tidings as to dwell, the saw is seen, the purpose of the cut. First are amplitude and leaning. (toward what wall) Second is the razoring of the glass, and then the layer of seeing through the window. The one is bypassed by the other, each time shedding that distinguished trait that makes the one the one, the word that's not the other or the two. Concluded, wafer thin, a toil solution to a problem of the act of

choice. The wandered eye, the choice apart. What have all them states performing, what have them conditions with the color wheel, what have all them bright lips. What has them coughing fits and smells chalk from the kitchen. Who said not allow the wind. Each mistaking set in purpose if not in intension all of that unconsciously it is too that. What having is rolling, of collecting on that ride, -. Then what's one having. The fumbling over the measure cup, and displaced when they drop it in, the lake, it overflows the unexpected cup too thick the space it holds. Every green-gone fidget in the night, the flicking in the breeze to blow the mite away with second price detached the skin with not a thing inside to suck. The evening as with the batting of the wing. Powerful in flight, the tiny collective. They as one are following a single stream each sense but alike. Holds the one name as a mantra. It is passed and as a source to sound from out. Diffusal. Diffusal junction. Rotch. Rotch first numeral. The slip of paper, thin, and parchment imitant. Torought. Torought to evernix, third. Was expunct. Sand massed. Foil knuckle. Folk Laugh withholding. Flag fliers, corporate. Cafeteria dining hall, bacteria gate -, wheel turn reversing for torque reversing as the gear moves forward. The wave crosses the deck to slap the other side. Boards loosen, inside, out, empty hall begins to fill. As with the spatial use of available attention. Consider new topic in light of what is known of the extended setting -; so responses are informed behavioral -, with undulating limits and as that on a line of progress results of shape determined by that also serves to license claiming as the second soul, spirit shifted at the charge – filled, the hole had rights. Of a word, should be appraised the orphan. In it, style and lever. And ore, and extract. Lime and vegetable. Reed to breathe through. Lead for weights, crimp it to the line with a firm bite. Enjoy the moment and the shiny dent you make. Cold pavilion. The melody punctured health, the way to reproduction, a finger wide slot allowing the season of questioned entry – with the answer placed in bags, applicants should mulch -. Ill had, low proportion of the voice, engaged to wind through, the tightly fabricated wealth, the way most free. To cause the off condition, linked by voices limb and lump and cotton, and some sods. All the waiting in the silence being amplified. To have addressed, the maximum was felt. The one should walk, the failing of the iron railing on the epidermal wrap -. In that land the range of who approaches in unique attack, and up expect. No want for states of that, withdraw within. Be had. Done best. And, the Inn of all, descending mountain of the sands. And can you forget, condensed patterns. And then should try to fit. But prophets never listened to at home. It is the mission, and the missionary it is far away from origin. That is what is right. Crisis of the pencil. And the line, and sharpening. Draw. Draw out. Final itching. Lasting ache. Free cremation. What had to be said, that the gods are configured like wire rug hooks that jump into each other, forming in a net a wave through which the godly action comes. This is for the happiness of believing. The extra weight after forgetting. The stubble unshaved by one day. A slurry of principles formed on wooden sticks from following instruction from a crystal growing kit, the gods again. And, the childhood poisoner too. What prison in the roll would take it now, another god. No one knows the reason but the mission is clear. Have by virtue of decline evolved into a concentration. Some liquid, contrast skill, lumps. Equal, missions, secretaries. Sensation of a safety, reposing. The silence is one triumphant life. What time made, the spirit world divined. What conclusion reached, both hands. It went down both arms, across the wrists. Extended, traditional rolling, transmission. The part and action. Moving in seas of attraction. Contamination by tooth mark. Suspicion at the faucet. Meditation on a collection of rusty saw blades, and ice saws from around the great lakes. Was ripe, the grey house, in from the road, low to the ground longer than wide. Was the effect of name, it brought fog, and European weather. One had changed a name and made it bright. Stacks had round comfort sideways. Vertical were open, horizontal, final and complete. Who consider in them when they are out, of several yards. And, out back of a house,, should park. Overcome stalling, prepared to best last presentation. The leader bristles quills rise the neck the spine. Instinct and the nape response. All in what is seen sustains a thing. The things align and seem to race. What in the leading and the segmentation of the path. What is the one in one conditions. The one at questioned without an object to inquires drops the symbol first and lost the meaning throws the form. Questions that about.

Contrapted, after contrapting. The motorcycle flew into the wall without braking. Premonition as purple flowers overflowing a box of dry dirt. What am here, what am expected, and knowing. Dismissed from possession by the hand. Standing to the side while the silver color passes. Some grace taken. What am the one, while triggers are collected in a line. The discussion. And play the evidence, recoding. Watch the color jacket, cover up the branch from sun, the good give of freedom to follow that large outcropping necessity, and, to watch before at hand the glazing time. Luxuriant to the waste and to linger undetected in appearance. Where number rest simply in this hour. And while a polish blend. Breeze the leaves rustle. Or, mechanic leaves. Two cause follow path to appear. Propose one the other done. Taking from it, repeating a plunging intent. It is over, of the windy day now. Should be housed and safe the beating -. From there can be seen, light affront, mild. Slowing drifting across knuckle deep. That ape walks with its hands, spectrum. One is nervous of the garden, as too much it grows. The cabinet was held in storage of awards, phone poles glass insulators. Where have had it of the raised skin and the bites. Of it where flown the handle and the stem. On the rough more search, wider spreading. Positions, in the mixed realm (the afternoon sun alert) delivering -. It that's harsh expecting more, it that's sized up for constant or consistent joining. It, of untamed moving back and forth feeling the cage. What test the railing on the stairs, the thing for suing landlords. As the gain the money envelop and trading prosperity, and hand averts pointing. Manner emerges. Exposed again identifiers. Line breaks and deliveries. Healing beyond the scratch into the bone. Sun straight down on us. Prepared culture of the repeat – and in it creation the weed. And, reflection or icon of unwelcome change, or not the matching pants or uniform shirt. Watch wearing the bright blue shirt with the pocket protector. Not the rushing push past pounding. On the number line the operatic as the one am the bull through blood – am the protestation from and not the ripe flower, am resisted the biologic stamping and confining -. Am the writer and the fluid squeezed from word. Am the inventor and the copy art. Shouldered, square shape. The patterned break. Empties out the box. Available to sliding interpretation. Fir tree green tones, to black against sun setting -...jungle fern -. Jammed pass -, rock fall, god for lift, god for leverage, god for back support -... the cold room, energy saver candle cold flame pocked walls are vibrating and thin wind jets are shooting from the holes, and sounding -. Toxin emerges in the medium of the crawl. Consumed beginning and consumed ending, along this there is placement for singled and mutual location and different based locating through placement in use, in consumption. Moved, the use has placed. Stationary, but then should compare to locate. Toxin penetrates. Advance locates. User dimming this redundantly finds and with conscience, allows situating. The soft worn, in the premier of haste – sharpens – when as the festively learned, a blame is levied – critical the knowledge of terms, begun salvaged to engineering, to resurrection, plastic bags, as filled lift, to ascend. Tomorrow comes in late fixtures, lapsing into today, adjoined, - who, assaulting that first dimension should resist. Am the studied of the clock. Is the deepest point to be found. The one should stay to deliver. Obstacle transmitter. Why space leanings reproduced and underwired telegraphs signals disappeared into plankton heavy water, through the streams of carbonation. (light water) where nine yards (behind the house) are placed to test the possible repetition of events composed of twelve, and fixed inside arrays of seven facial expressions, in reaction, to a thing, that is colored, and has surface traits, and exterior topological shape, and devolves into a liquid and is flattened on a cement patio enclosed within each lawn, and the interchangeable unit of the blissful sacrament of ownership, and the sky when full of clouds prepares the state, and one of predicted states in which a chain might once begin when these traits as assigned remote controlled by behavioral traits as an adjacent set, providing and prepared by other surface textures thought to have capacity for thought as have the surface ripples on the brain -. Long to-do short arrival wake. The other end of the received of dying class. Stump was broken mask mix, hand finds the twig blindly (groping) then begins aside the brain again, and snaps in code the twig. Working for awhile on this (the that) the seventh contusion. Shaving to points. Already as the maker preparing for removals of expression and forgetting as attachment arm. Beaten the one delivery as the host of waste. Nine

yards. Mantra clouds. Power ball energy object, prayer sack. Power testicle. Coin pouch, gun powder bag. Cosmetic comb kit. Cartoon reel mini – film canister. Slung on the thigh. Sponge holder, vinegar shaker. Digress from cosmetics into surgery. (heart removal, open pit ER and ceramic kiln intensive (care (free.))) Apple bobbing. Pea shucking. Orange peeling. Contest(s). Pathways lick the water as it is murdered, pathway conduit energy for life cycle license holder, unpreserved, in mid-stage progression. In the mountains, repelled stone rain, rope harnessed lift one. Ate my own arm off. (was in the instructions) (right arm, left handed) Is a courtesy state-side, an act of artistry here. Possessed of vacuums, one per organ, seal of wet lipped entry exit, gap suctioned space is deep universe and high number dimension. Like hydrogen generator, stomach organ valve fabricator...belongs to deep section six. Terms come out before the science, creatively in revealing, exposing as with aroused display, inventing future in a spin of a drum, an instrument design. Flashing in itch cycles, related through second stage contaminating as behavioral modifier, set the mind autonomic task revised. (the itch, the scratch) Whales with dry skin find a tree into the center of the tan hay field in ten acre lots, and rub their backs -. Stealth. Having options of shark fin or cod, soup or chowder. Empathy with those sharing solid block mass guesthood. Disclosed vacations in unclosed border counties. Emptied of contents, geographic bladder, buried water supply bladders, uncomfortable comparing. Mill ponds floating logs. Belly—up beavers. Radiation makers. Red clusters, facial orbits. Fruit fly dried. Discourage spiral moving during whisper session. Of trolling, directions. Of matching, meeting. We these this and that, blended margins look to be a breeze across a plain, washed cloth catches mystery fly who dies with secrets. Pinion (points) up and down glissando unison a voice a slide whistle a trombone and a viola. Not possible, octaves. Not corrected, uni-sion. Direct ear blast, waffle vibration from a head-strapped cone. Grasshopper moaning. Joint fatigue. Plant the sods. Peel back the lot with house and fence, cement restore three thousand gallons, green the radioactive paint. Foundation slab, pat down back the lawn the house and dog and property marker iron bar rising three feet catch you in the nuts at night when walking your border -. Grass fades, eyes droop, drool, animal sagging, slow children, tree glow. Nodule, that's an iron ball occurring in the rolling of the mineral in the opening a sealed ended cave in earth, its alternating hot and cold with the happy and the sad. (of earth) When earth moves floating, cat prowling curls and bobs its nape hair with a lick. Simultaneity waves, beach choice on the list, upright driftwood couch, empty razor clam to dig the finger hole. (What found between the walls, detached with bottles newspaper depression era, marbles.) Who to the dock reserves time for tasks. Should observe, then smooth the top of water in the fashion of the flattened bed sheet. This prepares for boats. Dry skin float platforms. Paste, polish. Port base hole. Kind mat, soft. Ground meal, fish food. Shared purpose. Storage shelves collapse under weight of opulence. (The luxury, of the earth shelter, or bomb shelter or the bunker.) Burned of skin, relation. Purring sounds, soft clicking. Strained contrived morsel mixed packaged here -, ground fish, powdered root, mud -, ice burn. Lament song, bowed hair follicle low hum caterwaul. Comes down to the side of a cloud -. Approaches. Backs away without turning. Song for with drawl. Ill the humping repose. Log heavy with ants. Forever skill that played one song. Age without itch. Termite lesson. Bare neck sleeping tides of the willing. Observer wakes moves observes. Chopped cycle. Have the study, three pages listings. Copper wire, three taped to each pages. Sanded ends to clear the varnish, conductive to the reading. Of glossing, and of gleaming in faiths, and bright forgetfulness in kitchens -...discoveries and backyards, -... buried pails and cigar boxes, dead birds, bones and feather. Where took away, intact -. On this late day, hours rumble by. Half truth whole life. Compound. (sentence) Conditioned notes on the pin. Flashed true battered opinion against the pad of paint-walls. Who rolled up but stuck. Signals, thumping on tree bark, drill to hollow, thump to code the tree is ready, time to float. Fast read, words per minute, childhood speculative books, in occult section, bus station depot, nearest hospital and doughnuts. Haunted pictures, reflected sea pool fluoride salt. Boat steam, sparkle edged rim lipped boat canal canoe dory bow to stern lens bead pearl crystal. Drying weight seaweed muscle flush. Halved, and shared between two points, the pressed down grass, a swirl the wind

and water pulling out forced landing sighs then followed sightings from the stimulating form -... flight the light cigar (shape) river night moon flashed from the chrome or space metal -. Foam pollution in reflection white and yellow churn, the underbelly in the early setting. Bespeckled underscratch, morbid in terraced consideration sequence. Whose surrounding angles were conditions for forgiveness. An orbit round the ring of railing, forces forming in a line , - as in the way of what had come to be struck – in pre destiny preclusion of one for another, accidental will -. Conclusions in dissection while the truck delivers from the field and test locations, in their camouflage, covered (green and shrub) the tents and launchers -... and the helmet of camouflage in reverse, like look like bare shaved heads outside the tempered steel enforced -... and, inside of modified the coated skeleton and enameled liver. This as post, the difficulty. The bone inclusion. Distended cortical -... the beat down grass. The fail button. The success switch and hammer joint saw lock. Over-painted highway, blinds. Overall conventional descriptions and composition values, in a prose form -. As the opening was expanding, and the whirl spun toward a center, it would rain down later, chunks and pieces from before. Again is something halved. Cauterized, the working frozen in the heat. Silver lamination plastic pious sheeting suffocates the mouth is sucked against it lungs collapse. As in the message of the act, a busy pre response allows, pre occupation. Saved in nines, the series of the thoughts. In the grocery story, she loved the bounding and the palette and two tons the skid of buckets filled with oats, and five the gallons honey. Hard contorted in a smaller space allowed the noise, it was overlapped and waves that flapped and fought and snapped each other at the nip and then remorseful sounded echoed oceanic eyes of ego. Call to one there, flattened at the base. The confidence then knowing no remains, that blown across the face, take every speck of ash -... that waiting for that, sits instead inside a tub of fat and oil. The smart one wasn't making it with wooden wings -... instead, of glass and brick -. (and limestone nest atop the highest tower) As the one should hold the pipe while pressure passes, and in blocking forces faces of expression fused to wall and boards and ceiling and the walkway down below -... to confront the head where they below but now estranged -. How the manys take the lungsfilled gassing. Could but not expressed. Who should but to find the work and do it when the hours pass. The pipes that sit on shoulders, shaken and the steam and them, the smoke from fire in a needle shoot from there -. Added up the way a math worked, vacillated travel every road. As it was, along the river followed them, emerging from their sleep. As was whistled in the tune, encoded in the hitch and intervals, to call to lure aside, to heist the few for the betterment of more. In the wobble of the way.

Archaic, the memory

They all thought, that it was light and light alone, but it was not. It was a light but one on seamless strips both woven and with radiations unimagined, bound like one yet still two lips that touched, and bound, the brightest white onto the black of a million planet's tar. How could you envision that? No, it was impossible for you to know. So only I and those that also with me fell, remember, with the burning taste that is the true flame, the flame that is remembering, that is the thing most perfect all among the many as it too includes the host, who also, lost from us, it deepest darkness and the light. And I remember, falling, some, imagined how it fell, this shaft of us, a core as with the center of a stone more heavy than the wall of God, as that is how it was that made us fall, that it was first, before the earths, that there was gravity, once born, in heaviness incarnated, only for us, minion things, for us, alone, was gravity to pull us from the heights where we were feather free, and moving, now, each nudge of limb rips muscle tendon and the bone, it is such plunging still, and weight so perfect, it is torment to resist, but still be struggle, as the remnant of the ego that had brought us here remains to bring us suffering. Mostly, I should miss the wings, so roughly amputated as, no needs the worm that burrows always low. But that is all. No picture torments, or scenic wonders blotted on an alter, shorn design to turn a face in fear. Only, simply, it was one thing, and, that thing alone, that still is all the sight and sound that is eternal in this curse, the fact of losing up that flight, and to never feel the freedom of the air and, the vapor of a

body undisturbed not of the matter's later hostile gift. That was heaven, this is hell, now all, the one thing that we know, the fall.

Raped and capsized will

Not rhyme scheme ever ill intent

Old, holy maxed

Glistening, in sights in sites insights the many tumbling beads -. The strips were wrapped around one ear, then forced onto the next, and nose and mouth. And then with each behaved a different way, as with a face removed and placed on top the swivel one more, then the next of every different man. The one am I am run through every man who may be born or has, and act a play, and make a wish and make a prayer for them, that they be once removed from here and not be forced again to come and end here, in that, this place white walled, curtained when administered (to) and the cavity that's checked in case, no other man should ever know, amen. So they should strap my arms, in time, I sleep. I, one never knows, that they may come and jostle in the night, and take me to a room, and further test and fix what isn't broken in my way. Never yet another man should fall in here, so that, I pray and hope and make a magic spell but wonder is it me, a placeholder that keeps me here, and keeps the slot so filled, that I, protecting others from this fate, am sacrificed myself. (?) As that, as Jesus did, am I , -(?). And so, I further yet imagine, why it is, that I am here. I, the one. And so forth.

When I heard tell that at the right time there would be a breath rending embrace, I imagined, I would be at ease, and calmly act dramatically, and see the face in front of me surprised. I imagined, that would be my thrill; to do something, opposed. And when I sat among the others who were talking of the link to man and wife, and life that after took a predetermined course, then I imagined, then too, I would find a special way, perhaps to harm or strand the other, then, to change the self and find identity abroad and fall in with a cult, and live in caves. When some came to pass, the progress of my own led me to one place close to this abandoned dream. And then, it was somewhere, the great city square, the enormous pig they fed for one year was butchered, mounted in a wreath-like rim, with pineapple stuffed inside its mouth, and topless women dancing for the local god before it. That was when it came again, that even pulling up and living out inside something so removed from every thing a fellow might expect, it still was something to oppose, for someone so inclined, to just.. oppose. And so, retuning to a town I knew or one so like it, that it was no matter, I did wear a tie, and black shoes, and live a short haired life, and drive a series of American cars until one day I died. But, it was a happy thing, as I inclined to so oppose, at last opposed myself. What was it, a scab my faced tipped, as I pulled too late the fibers ripped -... and seeing backward to myself it stand, the one. Again the I is gone. Replaced the one. The am. So a thousand piles. Rods, end tassels -...viewing rooms. Green foot pads. Periodic knocking. Sign of life. On the one and then the other side, as the prompt implies. Think the lonely changes daily only one can shoulder -. Pores are opening, and they are open sockets and fixtures. Shouldn't be known, the understanding of the sack, the waste cloth and the expanding ring. Wallow up, well down. Seeking out, ripe things. Being the one that always heals.